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Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 268.—Vol. XXI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 20, 1909 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

ONE OF THE "NEVER-GROW-UPS": MISS MAY KINDER, NOW PLAYING IN "PETER PAN"

Miss Kinder is one of the merry twins in Peter Pan's Band, whose delightful "pillow-case dance," first made famous by Miss Pauline Chase when playing the same part, is not the least telling of Mr. Barrie's touches in his charming play, now revived for the fourth time at the Duke of York's Theatre

No. 268—Vol. XXI.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

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"Hullabaloos at Hacksters." By W. A. Clark. (Digby, Long, : 6s.)
"The Sword and the Cowl." By Edgar Swan. (Digby, Long: 6s.)
"The Baronet's Wife." By Florence Warden. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
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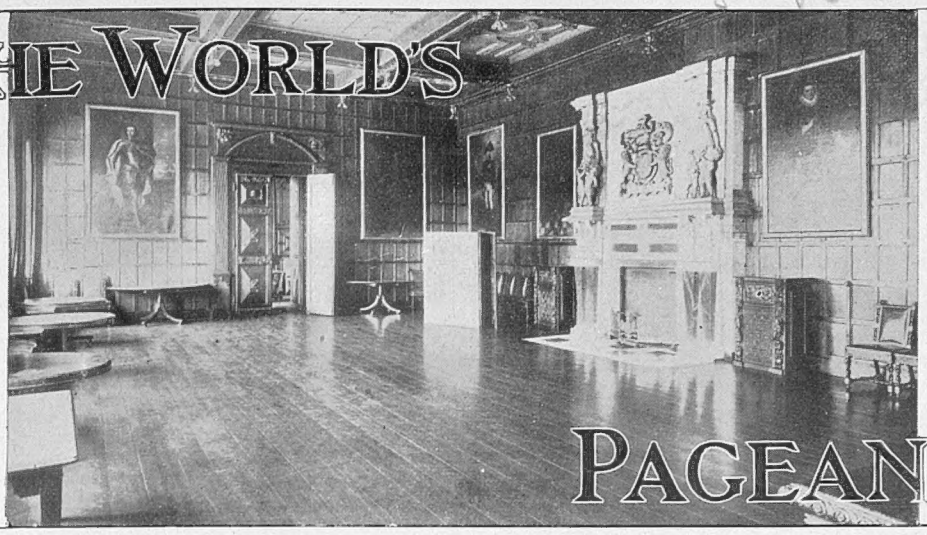
THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.



THE FLOOR ON WHICH WAS DANCED THE DANCE OF THE WINTER

The magnificent room at Hatfield House, where, in honour of the début of her eldest daughter, Lady Beatrice Cecil, and of her half-sister, Lady Winifred Gore, Lady Salisbury gave a brilliantly attended ball last Thursday

Their Majesties' Court

February will see the first Court, when the King and Queen receive the Ambassadors and their ladies, the function being essentially a diplomatic one. The foreign Governments are, invariably, all represented, and there is an especial stateliness in the presence of so many of the *élite* wearing innumerable decorations. It is then that a newly-promoted Attaché receives his baptism of honour in a special salute from the Sovereign and a smile from his Consort, while the Royal circle looks on and approves. The Court at Buckingham Palace constitutes a delightful evening party, as much of the punctiliousness of Queen Victoria's time has disappeared. Débutantes who are presented by their mothers find their fathers also invited, which makes matters at the supper table very pleasant. There is, in fact, a general air of enjoyment at the evening Courts which was an impossibility at Drawing Rooms held by day.

* * *

The Royal Berlin Visit

Since the Kaiser's "blazers" have melted into such chastened indiscretions as New Year speeches, things Anglo-German have been quite unruffled, and it would be a great pity if anything happened to prevent King Edward meeting his nephew in Berlin next month. The King's presence in the German capital, or anywhere where politics happen to be more important than holidays, cannot fail to have a steadying effect on the always trembling scales of European affairs. I note that the German Press has lately been highly complimentary to the King as a diplomatist. It is quite true that his Majesty, when travelling, "has a way" of influencing the politics of Europe for Europe's good. And there is no doubt whatever that what is good for Europe generally is good for Germany particularly. Although the Germans are not especially gifted with that Gallic responsiveness which makes the Anglo-French *entente* so exquisite a *mariage de convenance*, yet even the elephantine feelings of a German are capable of being moved, and the brilliant persistency of the British wooing must sooner or later be crowned with success.

Lady Paget

A friend of their Majesties and a notable organiser of charitable functions, who is leaving for America to-day (Wednesday). The King honoured her by an attendance at dinner quite recently

(*From a miniature*)

* * *

"Their Brother Sovereign"

By the way, there has been a rumour that the King will not go to Marienbad next summer, but I do not believe there is any justification for it (writes my Vienna Correspondent). Another rumour which is being much talked of here is whether or not the King and the German Emperor, when they met at Kronberg, discussed the probable annexation of Bosnia. As a matter of fact, the chief topic of conversation between the two monarchs was what, in the event of anything happening to their brother Sovereign, the Emperor Francis Joseph, should be their attitude with reference to the Princess Hohenberg. "Recognise her as Empress as soon as the new Emperor wishes it," both monarchs agreed, and Francis Ferdinand may be sure that in the matter of his marriage, as well as in everything else, the Kaiser will support him.

Mr. Balfour's Flight from Influenza

Photo *D'Arcy*

The Earl of Shaftesbury

In his robes as Lord Mayor of Belfast. The Earl is a neighbour of the King's recent host, Lord Alington, at Crichel, and on Sunday received a visit from his Majesty

Visited by the King

Lord and Lady Shaftesbury on Sunday received a flying visit from the King, his Majesty motoring to their Dorset house from Crichel. The Earl has been Chamberlain to the Princess of Wales these eight years, and with the Countess, who is one of her Ladies-in-Waiting, accompanied the Prince and Princess when they went on their journey to India. Lord Shaftesbury, who is said to be destined for a Colonial Governorship, has a charming tenor voice, and sings with the same *chic* and finish as his sister, Lady Maud Warrender. Lady Shaftesbury is Lady Grosvenor's eldest daughter, and sister of the present Duke of Westminster and Lady Beauchamp. She is very handsome, with eyes that sparkle in the most effective way when she laughs.

* * *

Beautiful Biarritz

"Who can sigh when the sun shines?" says the poet, and he must have been thinking of Biarritz at that moment. Balmy breezes and glowing sunrays have been allotted to this favoured spot. Visitors are arriving, but, fortunately, not in such numbers as make for discomfort. It is when Port Vieux boasts only a few gossiping groups, and the Grande Plage fair bathers are more natty than numerous, that the real pleasures can be known and the true beauties of Nature appreciated.

* * *

Sports for the King

The knowledge that King Edward at no distant day will be at Biarritz has, of course, given a reason for English visitors to increase in numbers, and many sporting arrangements have been planned for the period of the Royal visit. The King's interest in golf being still unabated, the links at the Plateau du Phare will be a charming rendezvous for those in the Royal set. Foxhunting is another diversion, and a new pack of hounds is expected from Scotland. A lawn tennis club is about to be started, also a bowling green. Pigeon-shooting presents the attraction of a competition for the Biarritz Cup. Above all, the popular Mayor, who loves all the English, has been elected to the Senate.

Photo *Thomson*

The Countess of Shaftesbury

A vivacious and charming Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess of Wales, who, in Dorset this week, entertained the King during a brief visit by his Majesty from Crichel

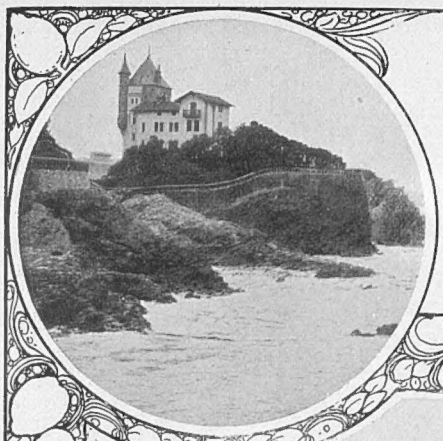
Photo *Park*

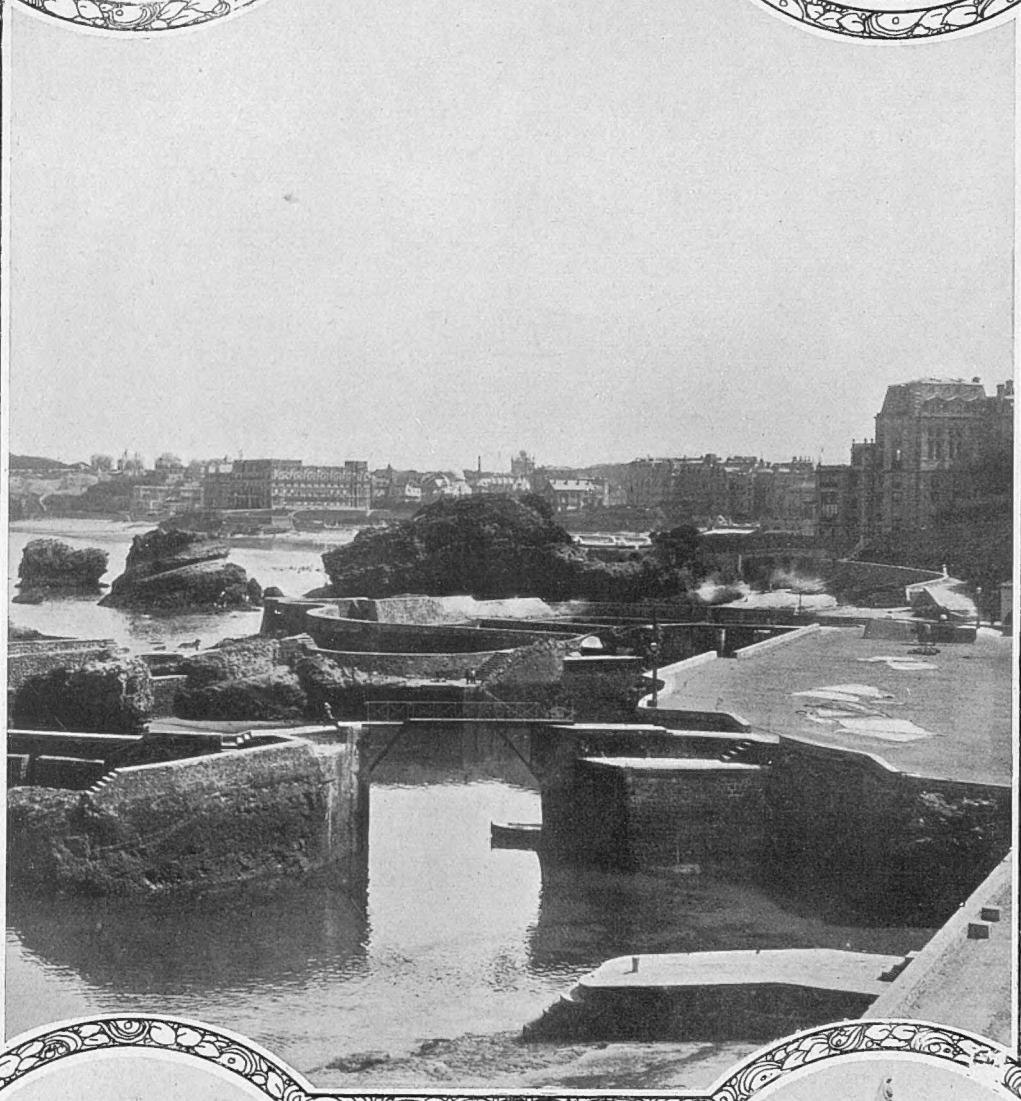
Off to the Mecca of Tired Politicians and the Victims of Influenza: Mr. Balfour Smilingly Leaves Town for Biarritz

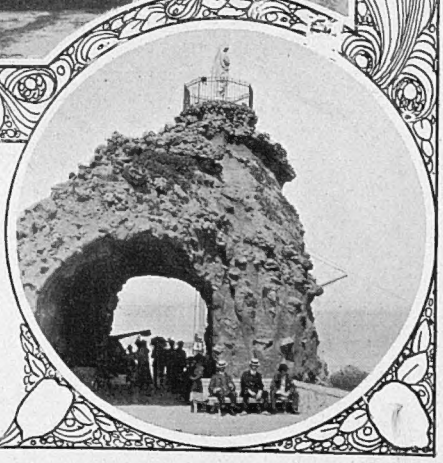
Mr. Balfour left London last week for Biarritz, where he arrived on Thursday. In the photograph the ex-Premier is seen leaving his Town house, 4, Carlton Gardens, S.W. During the last fifteen years, Mr. Balfour has been the victim of influenza no fewer than twenty-seven times, and the beginnings of three successive Sessions have found him down with his old enemy. Biarritz, it is hoped, will fortify him for next February's Parliamentary labours

The Retreat to Biarritz

SOME PLACES OF INTEREST AT THE FAMOUS RESORT







1. The Villa Belza
Where King Alfonso first met Queen Victoria, when Princess Ena of Battenberg

2. The Hotel du Palais
Where King Edward stayed last year, and which is, consequently, *par excellence* a resort of fashion

3. A General View of Biarritz Across the Harbour

4. A Picturesque Walk

5. La Roche de la Vierge
A favourite resort of visitors

Photos *Topical Agency*

"Sich Langwidge" at the Whaddon Chase!

Balfour and Biarritz

Mr. Balfour's arrival in Biarritz has fired an imaginative young politician I know to great thoughts. Biarritz, he remembers, was, last year, the scene of a change in the Government of the British Empire. Thither repaired the new Prime Minister to kiss the hands of his Sovereign, and to submit for the Royal approval his list of Ministers. Now, what are the odds of Biarritz again figuring as the centre of the Empire? The Government is a bit wobbly (says my friend). Should it decide to throw up the sponge—well, the King will again be at Biarritz, and there, also, will be the individual whom he must perforce summon to take charge of the State—the aforementioned Mr. Balfour. I like this idea immensely. But, alas! my friend is out of his charming person in Society, a little passive, it is true, a rather late riser, and he shows some weariness o' mornings; but he can be relied upon to be most amusing at dinner, and really that is the only time that matters. He has a queer fancy in overcoats, but, except for that and his influenza, he is a person of ordinary enough tastes and habits, including, of course, the national passion for golf, which he is indulging very strenuously at Biarritz.

Photo *L. N. A.*

An Insulted M.F.H., Mr. W. Selby Lowndes

Who recently withdrew his hounds because a member of the Hunt would not withdraw himself. (He had, said Mr. Lowndes, used some bad language towards him)

* * *

A "Breeze" in the Hunting Field

Good-fellowship and good sportsmanship are inseparably associated with foxhunting, and any serious defiance of the etiquette of the sport can only meet with general disapproval. A recent incident with the Whaddon Chase Hounds is being warmly discussed

Photo *Dixon*

The Hunt as an Enlivener of Landscape: A Picturesque Meet of the Blackmore Vale at Mudford Bridge

The part of Dorset and Somerset hunted by the Blackmore Foxhounds contains some of the most picturesque country in the West, and a meet among the woods and undulating landscape is one of the prettiest sights the chase affords

dates. By the time the Government might feel inclined to throw up the sponge, though his Majesty may still be at Biarritz, Mr. Balfour will be well back again, in, as everybody hopes, good fighting trim. Our photograph of him certainly does not reveal the right hon. gentleman as exactly *in extremis*.

* * *

Dodging the "'Flue"

It is now fifteen years since influenza first fell in love with the distinguished statesman. He has been visited with the complaint just twenty-seven times; and, well! he has wisely gone to Biarritz to dodge, if possible, another attack this winter. "Dear Arthur" is a

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

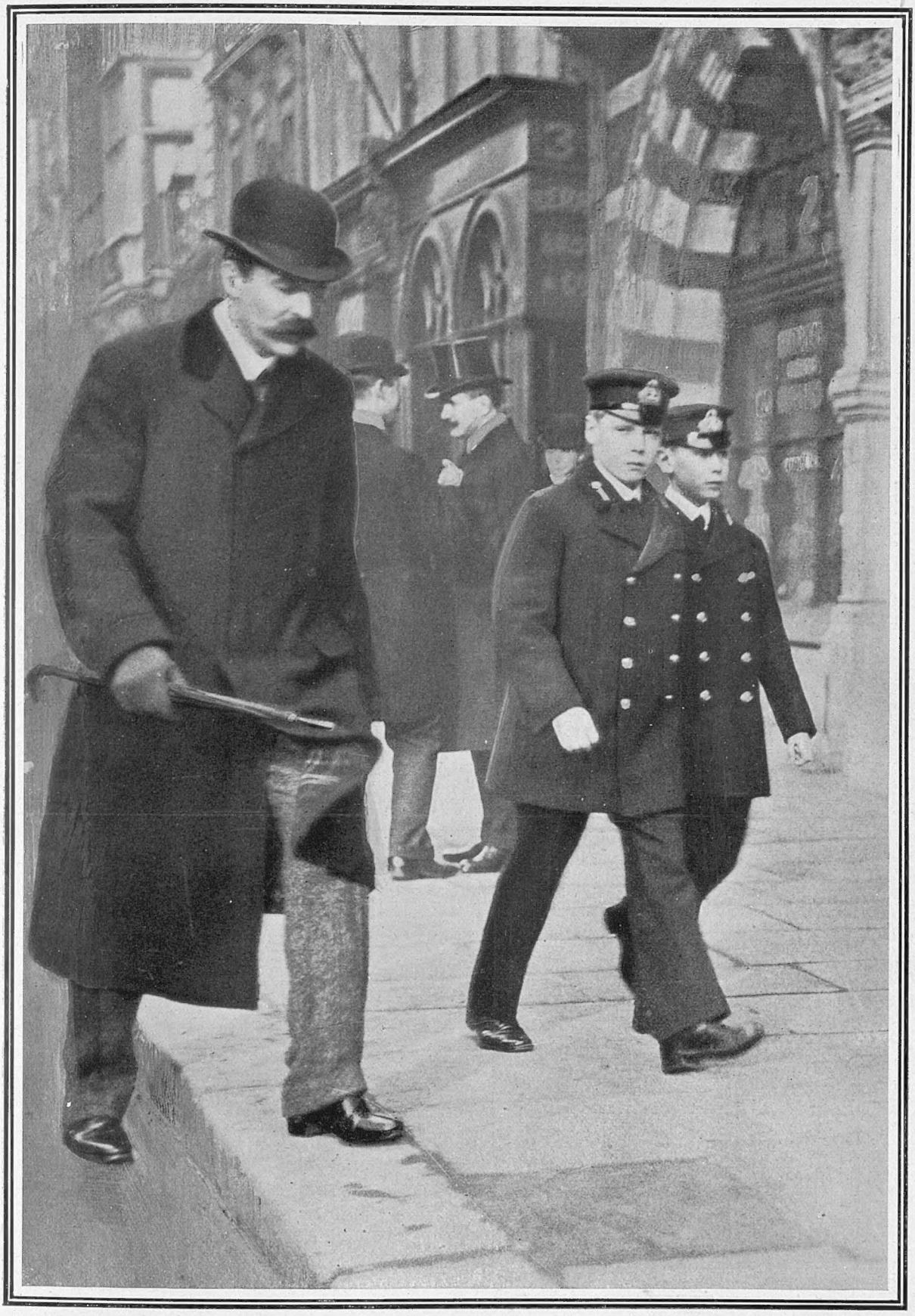
Lord Ribblesdale has a Day with His Hounds

The Joint Master of the famous Ribblesdale pack at a last week's meet at Waddington, near Clitheroe

Briefly, the facts are these. At the meet at Bletchley, the Master, Mr. W. Selby Lowndes, informed his field that he had been insulted by one of his followers, who was then present. The latter had said to the Master, "Who the —— are you?" Mr. Selby Lowndes, therefore, demanded an apology from this individual, and informed the field that, unless it were granted, he would order hounds back to their kennel. Ten minutes passed in silence. No apology was forthcoming. The Master then sent the pack on their way home. And there would have been no hunting in the Vale of Aylesbury that day had not the rider complained

The Navy's Latest Royal Recruit

PRINCE ALBERT FOLLOWS IN HIS ELDER BROTHER'S FOOTSTEPS



A SNAPSHOT OF THE PRINCES AND THEIR TUTOR IN LONDON EN ROUTE FOR OSBORNE

When Prince Edward returned to the Royal Naval College at Osborne last Thursday, he was accompanied by his younger brother, Prince Albert, who is just thirteen. It is probable that Prince Edward will leave after this term, but Prince Albert will go through the entire course, as an ordinary cadet. The Princes travelled up from Sandringham in the morning, but before leaving London they went on a shopping expedition with their tutor, Mr. Hansell, and the above photograph was taken in St. James's Street

The Art of Being Photographed

Photos *Reutlinger*

(1). The Classic Pose (Mlle. Bresil). (2). Studied Simplicity (Mlle. Greuze). (3). Meditation (Mlle. Desprey). (4 and 5). Seductiveness (Mlle. Rosny)

English actresses (and other students of the art of being photographed) will be interested to see that it is possible to look effective by other devices than mere smiles. Above are some undeniably charming examples of the art of looking fetching, and at the same time artistic

The Biggest Fleet Suez Ever Saw

Photo *Topical Agency*

The United States Pacific Squadron's Arrival off Port Said on its Way Back from its World-Cruise

It is the largest fleet that has ever cruised through the Suez Canal. Had it only been a little earlier, it could have "bossed" the Sicilian earthquake unaided by Europe, for its size would have surpassed any of the other squadrons. However, it will, it is hoped, not be too late for that other great spectacle, the exit from office of Mr. Roosevelt, who is alleged to have hurried the fleet home with an eye thereto

of been persuaded by some disinterested people to leave the Hunt. Upon this Mr. Selby Lowndes consented to draw. It will generally be agreed by sportsmen that the apology ought to have been made. The dignity attaching to the Mastership of hounds must be fully respected if foxhunting is still to be enjoyed in the good old-fashioned way.

* * *

A Spectacular Exit for "Teddy"?

The American world fleet is homeward bound (see the above photograph of it approaching Port Said), breaking a record as it does so, for is it not the greatest fleet that has ever cruised through the Canal? Not Britain herself, nor even the late lamented "Roj," took through a larger. The only regrettable thing is that the fleet did not arrive in the Mediterranean a little sooner than it did, for then to the States would have fallen the honour of "bossing" all Europe at stricken Messina, with the largest fleet of the whole lot! What prodigies of strenuosity we only just escaped! The fleet will, now, it is hoped, arrive in time to give President Roosevelt that "spectacular exit" which he is supposed to have anticipated. Its spectacular departure for the Pacific, when it paraded before the President off Oyster Bay, will be remembered; also, its spectacular appearances off Rio, and Sydney, and Yokohama. If it can only and home in time to give the spectacular touch to "Teddy's" departure, America will not in vain have spent its milliards!

* * *

Congress's Feeble Slap

For close upon six years Mr. Roosevelt has been the picturesque, almost flamboyant, dictator, with a personality which has made itself felt in all his actions. Now that his second term is drawing to a close, Congress is snapping at his heels. The President's communication to the House on the question of the Secret Service does not matter in the least. Almost any month during his presidency Congress could have taken exception to his attitude. It is a little late in the day to object to his "rough-rider" methods. He did not drop the rôle of fighter when he laid aside the uniform he wore in the Cuban campaign, and the world has always pictured him in a sun-hat and khaki astride a mettlesome charger. The very last chance of Congress to have gained a reputation for bravery has been suffered to pass. When the President first drew breath to utter the word "Trusts"—then would have been the moment to grapple with him. This tardy opposition to President Roosevelt's "reckless career of personal and autocratic Government," as the *World* phrases it, will have the effect merely of starting Congress and Senate in the bad books of the new President. Taft rode to victory upon Roosevelt's shoulders, and he is not likely to forget this feeble slap at the outgoing President.

Mother Earth Spares Father Neptune!

Earthquake's Pagan Reverence

The statue of Neptune at Messina which, somewhat miraculously, escaped destruction. This token of Mother Earth's respect for the God of the Sea is picturesque

Beresford Bulldogs

The dogs of war are still to be kept well in hand, we understand, but in the meantime those symbolic pups of Lord Charles Beresford are having a considerable vogue. The battleships of his fleet to which he has sent these gifts are duly delighted, and, no doubt, enormously impressed by the fact that their sire is the famous "Dick Stone," whose value is more than £1,000. Does the latest development of the bulldog typify the Englishman of to-day? If so, I fear our unpopularity with other nations may readily be accounted for. The fine flower of the breed which Lord Charles affects, although very charming in character, rather overdoes the quaint "points" which now count so much on the judging bench. In fact, the strength of the bulldog, like that of the nation's battleships which it represents, is expressed in awkward attitudes and complicated outlines.

Bulldog Beresford with a Beresford Bulldog

The latest photograph of the Admiral, with one of his favourite canine friends, some of whom he has been distributing to the fleet

* * *

A Classic Survival

Among the very few things of beauty which have survived Messina's earthquake, the well-known fountain of Neptune stands alone on the Marina. The sea-god is placed between figures of Scylla and Charybdis, and the whole work, which is sixteenth century in character, and probably from the hand of Montorsoli, shows noble proportions and the skill of a master. Sicily is so essentially a classic land that this survival of Neptune among the ruins suggests the antique tradition outliving our petty civilisations. Indeed, it has often been thought that Sicily, notwithstanding Christian advances as a whole, has retained no small part of its classic charm. The visitor might still study the Idylls of Theocritus if he would be at home in the country, for a poet of yesterday has assured the earlier singer that—

"Still through the ivy flits the bee,
Where Amaryllis lies in state,
O Singer of Persephone!"

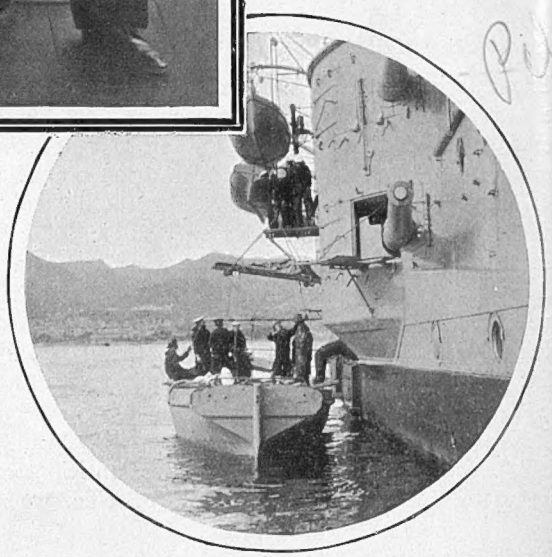
and that

"Slim Lacon keeps a goat for thee;
For thee the jocund shepherds wait;
O Singer of Persephone!
Dost thou remember Sicily?"

* * *

The Indian Season

The Calcutta season is, of course, this year, very greatly enhanced by the Minto-Lansdowne marriage, but even without that interesting event the cold weather months would be more lively and pleasant than usual. The new Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal—whose hospitable functions come second to those of Government House—has, with Lady Baker, introduced some pleasing little



Photos *Underwood and Underwood*

Photographic Proof of British Humanity at Messina

Hauling aboard H.M.S. *Sutlej* wounded victims of the earthquake

The Demand for Dressier Weddings

A BULGARIAN COUPLE'S WONDROUS BRIDAL ARRAY

Photo *Bolak*

As attempts are so constantly being made to rid the British wedding of its dread conventionality (the "wedding pageant" came upon us only the other day) the above photograph from Bulgaria brings timely suggestion. True, the bride herself is not of the genus Venus, nor the bridegroom an Adonis, but their costumes are magnificent enough to satisfy all ambitions. If copied, next season, by prospective British bridal couples, St. George's, Hanover Square, will be a brighter place. What would not have been thought, say, of Mr. Winston Churchill last autumn had he been attired as per the above?

Social India—Some Innovations

social reforms. Sir Edward and Lady Baker have won the hearts of social India by announcing a most welcome modification of the severe etiquette which, for more years than one cares to count, has governed the routine of calling at Belvedere. Instead of the procession of callers at noon—Sundays for men and a week-day for women—Lady Baker has substituted a fortnightly garden reception, at which, in the delightful grounds at Alipore, her friends of both sexes can enjoy the official hospitality under the pleasantest of conditions. To make matters still more ideal, not even the frock-coat and silk hat will be insisted upon at Lady Baker's afternoons. The last-mentioned reform, by-the-by, is due largely to Lord Minto, who, ever since his arrival in India, has set the fashion of attending official functions in the comfort of a summer suit and a sun-helmet or soft hat.

* * *

In Praise of Lady Blood

I note, by the way, that Lady Blood, Sir Bindon Blood's brilliant wife, who was much to the fore socially during the Bengalese reigns of her husband, is the heroine of a somewhat curious experience. Count Hans von Königsmarck, a major on the German General Staff, has just written a book on the British rule in India, and enthusiastically dedicates it to Lady Blood, "in sincere admiration and reverence for the Englishwoman in India to whom England owes not the least of her position and power in that country." This is very charming of the Count. It is so refreshing to find a German being graceful at all, but to find one growing positively gallant, and that in honour of someone English, is a trifle overwhelming. But this is not all. So happy, apparently, was the Count made in the charming society of Bengal, that he returned to his country an enthusiastic admirer of everything British there. It is a triumph of which Lady Blood should be proud.

* * *

The Kitchener Legend

Lord Kitchener's quarters in Fort William are not in the smallest degree comparable with his official residence in the hills. Consequently, visitors to Calcutta will have no opportunity to experience the Commander-in-Chief's hospitality as it is known to Simla Society. To those who have seen his Lordship at home at Snowdon, nothing is more absurd than the Kitchener legend of unsocial austerity, so laboriously built up by tireless Pressmen and so trustingly swallowed by unsuspecting readers in this country. Apart from the two Government Houses, the most prominent part in social Calcutta is played by Lady Maclean, the wife of the Chief Justice of Bengal, and the wives of the members of the Viceroy's Council, the latter dignitaries being India's nearest approach to Ministers of Cabinet rank

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

A Distinguished Indian Military Gathering: Lord Kitchener Among his Officers at Secunderabad

Lord Kitchener was recently in Secunderabad to present new colours to the 86th Carnatic Infantry, which used to be the 26th Madras Infantry. The officers (*left to right, standing*) are Mr. E. B. Howell, Lieutenant G. Wylly, V.C., the Rev. W. H. Parker, Colonel W. R. Birdwood, D.S.O., Colonel C. V. F. Townshend, D.S.O., Brigadier-General M. F. Rimington, Major-General Sir J. Wolfe-Murray, the Resident, Sir C. S. Bayley, Brigadier-General Campbell, D.S.O., Brigadier-General Mackenzie Kennedy, Lieutenant E. H. Stacker, Lieutenant D. M. Patrickson; (*seated*) Captain Burgess, Major C. D. Field, Major F. H. Jeffcoat, Major W. H. Mercer, Lord Kitchener, Major Codrington, Colonel Shaw, Captain W. R. Lawrenson; (*seated on the ground*) Lieutenant and Adjutant R. E. G. Berkeley and Lieutenant F. B. Leman

Woman's Rôle in India

A LADY WHO IS HONOURED BY GERMAN ADMIRATION

LADY BLOOD, TO WHOM A GERMAN OFFICER HAS DEDICATED A BOOK IN PRAISE OF OURSELVES IN INDIA

The wife of General Sir Bindon Blood (who has twice held high military command in Bengal, and also the Northern Command from 1905 to 1906), has just been made the heroine of an enthusiastic dedication of a book on British rule in India by Count Hans von Königsmarck, a major on the German General Staff. Count Königsmarck regards the Anglo-Indian lady of rank as of immense importance to British rule in India

Random Jottings

EXCEEDING THE SPEED LIMIT.—At Johannesburg an Olympic winner "twice ran 130yds. in 12 3-5th sec." So he must have run it each time in 6 3-10th sec. Even to have run it once at that rate would have been creditable.

* * *

Small employées, not small employers, appear to be the question of the day. The London Chamber of Commerce reports during 1908 a "shrinkage of clerical staffs." Possibly due to sweating.

* * *

"Why not glasses for Territorials?" asks a contemporary. After all, the beggars *will* drink; may as well give them good stuff under a Government guarantee! Hence the term "Irregular troops."

* * *

Modern Business maintains that "the business man does not conduct his business on a sufficiently lofty plane." But what about the aeronaut? And doesn't it often only result in his trying to float something risky, and then going smash?

* * *

In order to build earthquake-proof houses, Italian architects are said to be studying the construction of our buildings still standing on the routes of motor-'buses.

* * *

The difficulty is to dress a woman who is short, says a fashion expert. There is a still greater difficulty—to get a woman who is short to pay her bills.

* * *

"Water Used as Fuel" is the somewhat startling announcement of a scientific paper. What a surprise that would be! We expect shortly to hear such information as "The Thames has been set on fire and is blazing briskly," "A 'Hot Wave' is approaching," "The patriotic party are protesting against the reckless exportation of British water to foreign navies," and "The water-rate has again been raised owing to the extravagance in fuel among the lower classes."

* * *

"Many deaf mutes are engaged in useful trades," says a chaplain to a deaf and dumb association. Many. We know several of the most deserving employed at telephone exchanges.

* * *

Signor Tamini, the newly discovered *tenore robusto*, has been hitherto a bank manager. His production of notes, therefore, is naturally done with the ease of experience.

* * *

Overheard—

HE: "I told him my mind!"

SHE (*casually*): "Did you say much?"

* * *

George Hackenschmidt, the wrestler, issues an interesting booklet on "The Way We Live." For the next volume of the series we suggest a monologue by Johnson, the prize-fighter, on "The Way Other People Die."

* * *

CHARLESWORTH CHAT

(*By the author of "Harmsworth Hints."*)

Do the dead return? Obviously. Miss Charlesworth was seen in half a dozen different places after she was killed!

(*Continued on page 120*)

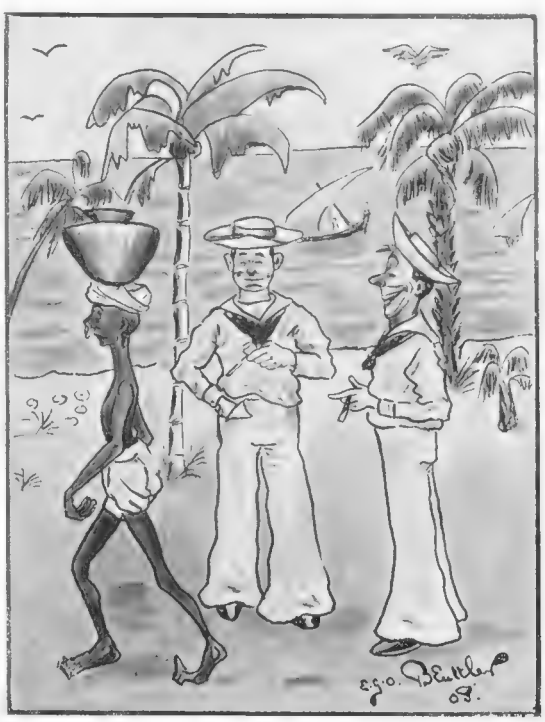
TROOPER (*to another*): "Wot's this we're comin' to, George?"

SAILOR (*interrupting*): "It's quarantine, you juggins!"

1ST TROOPER: "Now, don't you come it with *me!* Quarantine ain't the name of a place. It's a bloomin' disease!"

TWO LITTLE JESTS FROM FOREIGN PARTS

BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER



BLUEJACKET (*who has landed on a tropical shore in the month of January*): "Now, I wonder what e's summer costume's like?"

Punctuality in Excess

"Oh, don't go yet! Why are you in such a hurry?"

"Well, you see, I faithfully promised my husband I would meet him in the vestibule of the Ambiguity at 8 o'clock."

"But it's only 8.30 now!"

BY A. K. MACDONALD

To-day's Riddle.—How much was Miss Charlesworth? Watts the use of asking such silly questions? (Precisely.—Ed.)

By the way, the proprietors of "Who's Who?" propose to publish a supplement devoted to the Cliff Mystery, entitled "Watts Watt?"

The number of the victim's car has been discovered to have been I.O.U. £10,000.

Dynamics and Statics.—If a lady fall down a cliff in 3 sec., how long will it take her to reach the South of Ireland, calculating glass screens at half a crown per square foot? Supposing the cliff to be steep,

A Photograph of a Spook in a Berkshire Garden

This picture has been sent us by an esteemed correspondent. We do not express any opinion as to the genuineness or otherwise of the photograph, preferring to leave it to our readers, the Psychical Research Society, and Mr. Stead to fight it out among themselves

determine to three places of decimals the gradient of the stories told about the incident.

Note that after the accident the chauffeur was stated to have been found "lying" at the top of the precipice.

A morning paper says that Violet "lived a life altogether out of the common, inasmuch as her friends have always been her mother and sister." Suspicious sign—very! as Mr. Jingle used to say. Watch her!

* * *

"No Waiting" is the announcement outside a provincial restaurant. Customers who go in find it to be painfully true.

* * *

Burglars who break into houses nowadays often wear kid gloves. The least we can do after that is to wear smart pyjamas.

FROM OUR DIALOGUE BOOK

1st Up-to-Date Girl: "Did she miss her *fiancé* while he was away?"

2nd Up-to-Date Girl: "Why, no! He sent her violets and sweets just the same every day."

* * *

Cranky Mother: "Do be careful about crossing the street, Ethel. What would I do if you should be killed?"

Ethel (*aged seven*): "You could buy a dog to whip, couldn't you?"

* * *

Friend: "If you don't like her, why did you tell her so earnestly that you hoped she'd win your first bridge prize?"

Hostess: "Because it's a parasol that will make her look simply fearful."

* * *

"I thought the Perrys had fully made up their minds to buy a motor. What prevented it?"

"The number of accident insurance agents who called upon them."

* * *

"Did your out-of-town relatives get here for the funeral?"

"No. Everything passed off peacefully."

* * *

THE SURREPTITIOUS SUPERSTITIOUS

(*"The most matter-of-fact person," says Mr. Albert Grant, "has a pet superstition of some kind."*)

I have plenty of gifts that attract
Both the plain and the idealistic,
But the fact that I'm matter-of-fact
Is my prominent characteristic:
Though to tell you the truth,
From my earliest youth
I have revelled in ev'rything mystic.

Superstition I eye with disdain,
To its threats I'm deaf as an adder;
There is nothing the world may contain
That can make me ostensibly madder:
But I'm open to bet
That you never have yet
Seen me walk underneath any ladder.

Housewives' tales I distinctly despise,
To such stuff I grow colder and colder,
As is perfectly plain to the eyes
Of the most unobservant beholder;
But if ever the salt
Is upset by my fault,
I must throw a pinch over my shoulder.

There are few who will fume with such force
On the futile effect of each fable;
On such fatuous farce I discourse
Just as long as I'm possibly able:
But I'm filled with concern
When my two eyes I turn
On two knives lying crossed on the table.

And the moral's—Don't trust any man
Who adopts a demeanour superior,
And does all he conceivably can
To convince you that you're his inferior:
You would find him as crass
And egregious an ass
As yourself, if you probed his interior.

M. T. P.

CONTINENTAL CHAT

Photo *Park*

Luxurious Nice: The New Grand Stand on the Race-course, which will Shortly be the Centre of Fashion

THE RIVIERA SEASON: SPORT AND PLAY ON THE CÔTE D'AZUR

(From "The Bystander" Special Correspondent)

NEVER, surely, in its history has the Riviera looked forward to such a successful season as that which has started so auspiciously. For the time of year—it is early yet—there have rarely, if ever, been so many well-known English people in and about Monte Carlo, to say nothing of other Riviera resorts. A stroll on the Terrace and into the Rooms, a look-in at the grill-bar of the Café de Paris, at either of the cocktail hours, luncheon time at Ciro's, or a "small-hour" sojourn at the Carlton when the Casino is in darkness—any or all of them will tell you how matters stand. As a result of the absence of Germans this year Monte Carlo seems more English—and more elegant—than ever.

* * *

The Aeroplane Races

Much excitement prevails as the time approaches for the aviators to make their appearance for the great aeroplane races, which begin on the 24th. They are to fly from Monaco Harbour to Cap Martin and back four times, each time covering a distance of some seven miles. The prizes amount to the sum of 100,000 francs. It is regretted that Mr. Wilbur Wright, who is at present at Paris, will not be able to compete.

* * *

Racing at Nice

In and out of Monte Carlo there will be numbers of interesting events to witness during the next few weeks—Nice races, among others. You do not get a £2,000 hurdle race or a £4,000 steeplechase in England. The Grand National is worth only £2,550. There may be no Aintree "country" at the Var, and the same intense sporting spirit, perhaps, does not exist, but—well, there are the shekels to be had by owners, to say nothing of the best "leppers" in France, all of whom are to be found not only among the entries, but also in the arrivals. The King of the Belgians is coming to Cap Ferrat. The races are in full swing, and, although some smart people have come, the greater part of the racing set leave much to be desired in the way of manners. I especially refer to the Britishers. There has been some blackballing at certain clubs, and the usual heart-burnings and protestations have ensued. The golf club has as its President M. Xantho, whose wife used to be voted the prettiest woman in Nice. Again, what of the pigeon-shooting — with its Grand Prize attracting as cosmopolitan a gathering as ever?

* * *

A New Attraction

If the rooms at "Monte," with their little revolving ball, pall on one, is there not the wonderful neighbourhood of the Corniche, upon

Out for a Run!

Messrs. H*ll C*ine and B**rb**m T*ee, *en route* for Egypt, stayed a short time at St. Moritz. The above has been drawn (from imagination) by our special artist-correspondent in London

By C. P. Hawkes

Photo] LOOKING OVER MONACO AND MONTE CARLO: THE STARTING-POINT OF THIS MONTH'S AEROPLANE RACE *[Botak*

Monte Carlo is filling rapidly with winterers abroad, and bids fair to enjoy a record season. Sport is making rapid strides in the favourite resort, and the greatest attraction of the near future will be the aeroplane race from Monte Carlo, across Monaco Bay to Cap Martin and back. The races are arranged to take place between January 24 and March 24 and there are to be three prizes, the first of 75,000 francs, the second of 15,000 francs, and the third of 10,000 francs. Will the Aero Club of the United Kingdom help to produce at least one British competitor?

A Much-Criticised "Monte" Sport

whose rocky roadbed one may swirl *en auto* at express speed, without fear of police-traps, and forget all but the intoxication of the moment and the *vertige* of *vitesse*? There is a new attraction on the Corniche—near Roquebrune—an American hotel—"Ye Corniche"—flying a huge "Old Glory," which is besieged for breakfast by everybody, who begs for griddle cakes and maple syrup at daintily laid tables on the sun-bathed terrace, just as if it were Saratoga or Newport (R.I.) instead of Monte Carlo, or a stone's throw therefrom. But the Principality and its neighbourhood has ever been the quintessence of cosmopolitanism.

they both constantly referred. As far as one could see, his plan appeared to be to cover nine or ten numbers out of a group of twelve with piles of gold, but the schemes of mice and men, even Russian, gang aft a-gley, for over and over again, and certainly four times in succession, one of the two or three numbers he had not backed turned up. Very occasionally he won, but almost invariably he lost, and each time this happened, the croupier raked in almost enough gold to fill a pot-hat. I point no moral to adorn this simple tale. But how good it is of people to contribute so handsomely to the funds of the Administration for maintaining for our pleasure this luxurious establishment.

Photo *H. W. Nicholls*

A Much-Criticised Monte Carlo Sport: The "Tir aux Pigeons" below the Casino Terrace

The widely practised, but much-criticised, sport of pigeon-shooting at Monte Carlo is the great attraction of frequenters of the Casino Terrace, below which it takes place in full view of the promenaders. Though regular visitors become hardened to the firing at the birds, which, by the way, come from London, newcomers are more sensitive, and regard the shooting as mere slaughter

Casino Wins and Losses

The Casino is crowded with players jostling one another and attempting to despoil M. Blanc and his company. Since the New Year some big wins have been chronicled, notably one by M. Maurice Ephrussi, who picked out red as the winning colour fifteen consecutive times before dinner, and black thirteen times after dinner, netting a sum of twelve thousand pounds. Madame Ephrussi was an interested spectator.

"Systems" Lose!

I saw a Russian on Saturday night (assisted, presumably, by his secretary) playing maximums at roulette. His "system" must have been worked out beforehand, for he had a paper to which

The Cannes Colony

Cannes Society amuses itself in a non-boisterous fashion. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George are staying with Sir Charles and Lady McLaren at their Château de la Garoupe, near Cannes, and the Cabinet Minister is enjoying the delights of golf, and is often seen at the links. Mr. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., with Mrs. Joynson-Hicks, is about a good deal. The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia are faithful to Cannes, and, notwithstanding the removal of their matrimonial difficulties, seem very happy; the Grand Duchess, indeed, appears even more beautiful since her divorce from the Grand Duke of Hesse. Mr. and Mrs. Maldwin Drummond have taken a pretty villa for the season. Mrs. Drummond was, until quite lately, the

The Rivieran Social Round

millionairess Mrs. Marshall Field. Lord and Lady Decies are also of the Cannes colony, as is Captain de Crespigny.

Arrivals and Departures

Among the old *habitués* of the Côte d'Azur I may mention Sir George Chetwynd, Laura, Lady Wilton, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Lord and Lady Mar, Sir Henry and Lady Samuelson, who have all been here at Monte Carlo some little time; while *en passage* is Lord Westbury, on whom, by the way, Dame Fortune has not lavished her smiles as far as the tables are concerned, and who is leaving, with General Oliphant, immediately for Ceylon. Lord Charles Montagu is staying with his mother at Nice. Mr. and Mrs. Granville Alexander are shortly taking their departure for Cairo, Lord Waleran leaves for his villa at San Remo next week, and Prince and Princess Victor Dhuleep Singh sail for India on board Mr. James Gordon Bennett's steam yacht, *Lysistrata*, in a fortnight's time.

The Social Round

Whether people are located at Cannes, Nice, or Mentone, Monte Carlo always receives its large complement. So many English, in fact, are staying here, and so many are arriving, that the proprietors of hotels which are full or filling are lording it over the unwary traveller who has not secured his accommodation in advance. The Duchess of Sutherland has arrived at the Hermitage for a short stay, and Lord Anglesey is expected. At the Hotel de Paris the Duke and Duchess of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Philip of Coburg have been entertained by Baron and Baroness Epinghoven. Lady Watts has given a dinner in honour of Lord Sudeley, Lord and Lady Armstrong being of the party. Sir William Ingram will shortly arrive at his pretty place, La Vigie. Sir Edward and Lady Carson have also been seen. Baroness de Reuter, hale and hearty, is giving luncheons. It is usual to return the visits of friends from Nice, Cannes, or Mentone, and the journey in a smart turn-out swiftly rounding the dangerous corners on the route to Nice gives a zest to the oyster lunch at Beaulieu, which it is the thing to partake.

A Ski Jump at Engelberg

Where the winter sports season, which, by the way, only became a fixture four years ago, is now in full swing. Among the many visitors are Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling and such well-known skaters as Mr. and Mrs. Syers, Mr. Ernest Lane, and Mrs. Smith

Earthquake Balls

Balls for the benefit of the unhappy sufferers of the recent earthquake have loomed largely, and little Mentone has been first and foremost in this respect. It is pleasant to record that the gay crowd, by its generous patronage, has shown in the midst of its pleasure much kindly thought for the poor sufferers of Messina. Sir Lewis McIver is much in evidence at Mentone; he is a veteran *habitué* of the Riviera, where he has many a time and oft found relaxation from the troubles and trials born of politics.

Theatrical Personalities

The Riviera was ever a favourite with actors and actresses, and the surroundings are, undoubtedly, quite charmingly appropriate to the stage. Lady de Bathe is renewing the *succès de toilette* with which she was wont (as Mrs. Langtry) to astonish and delight Monte Carlo of yore. She is wearing the very latest thing, and it is noticeable how the *collant* style of the moment is being mostly worn by the *chic* women here. Every evening, accompanied by her brother, Mr. Le Breton, Lady de Bathe takes her constitutional five-mile walk. A fascinating addition to the colony of pretty women at Cannes is Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn—formerly Miss Edna May, of *The Belle of New York* fame—who is with her husband and sister. At Hyères Mr. James Welch, the comedian, is enjoying the beauties of Costebelle, and assisting in amateur theatricals. In a performance of a monologue entitled *The Pirate* he has repeated the success of merriment that made *When Knights Were Bold* a triumph. The opera season begins at Monte Carlo on the 26th, opening with *Das Rheingold*, played here for the first time.

A New Sport Centre

An interesting event this winter will be the inauguration of Winter Sports at Piera-Cava, two hours from Nice, at an altitude of 5,000ft., and in a region which combines all the advantages of the Swiss Engadine with the charms of the Riviera. The only drawback is the lack of a large, comfortable hotel, a disadvantage, however, which the promoter of Peira-Cava, M. Léon Margueliès, hopes to remedy. A fortnight's International Winter Sports Meeting will precede the Nice Carnival.

Winter Sport for Princes

ROYAL HIGHNESSES TRY THEIR HANDS AT ICE YACHTING

A Fleet of Ice Yachts Ready to Start in a Practice Race for the Coming Northern Games at Stockholm

Perhaps the most exciting of the events in the coming Northern Games at Stockholm are the ice yacht races. The yachts perform every evolution of an ordinary yacht, and attain a speed of thirty knots

Prince Arthur of Connaught Enjoys a Spin at Stockholm

The Crown Prince Gustav of Sweden in a Stiff Breeze

Among enthusiastic ice-sportsmen who have been taking part in the practices for the coming Northern Games at Stockholm have been Prince Arthur of Connaught (now in Malta) and Prince Gustav of Sweden. The Games, the most important sports meeting in the North of Europe, begin at Stockholm on February 5. Some of the competitions are: skating, ski-ing, sailing on skates, ice yachting, horse-racing, trotting races, and motor races on ice-bound lakes, with military sports, balloon ascents, fencing, and swimming . . . [L.N.A

Photo]

THE PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

NEW THEATRE

"Henry of Navarre"

Mr. William Devereux must be heartily commended for his version. This period of French history is replete with dangers for the maker of plays. It is so complicated and so full of incident that the adapter is prone, by his retention of the picturesque and dramatic, to produce a laborious version. Not so Mr. William Devereux. He has exhibited a perfect genius for leaving things out. And what he has retained he has twisted with a very welcome disregard for historical fact. For bad history and a good play make a better stage dish than the reverse. Cloak-and-dagger dramas are apt to strain both the credulity and the attention of the audience. Often the thread of the main plot, or one of the many subplots, is carried by a single speech. Enter a courier bespattered with mud as only a man can be who has ridden a journey "off." He makes an announcement, catching his breath in so real a fashion that we cannot catch his speech.

And the loss of this speech means that when, shortly after the Captain of the King's Guard makes an entrance through a window, we wonder what the deuce he is doing *dans cette galère*. But *Henry of Navarre* is very much to the point. And the point is love interest. The play is concerned chiefly with the relations of Henry with the fascinating Marguerite de Valois, first as suitor, then as husband. He loves her, he loves her not, he loves her, he loves her not, and so on according to the various events which lead him to believe or disbelieve in her complicity with the designs of the wicked Queen Mother. Is Henry's marriage a trap to bring ruin upon

the Protestants, or is it not?—that is the question which Mr. Devereux solves in a manner entirely satisfactory to the playgoer who likes his heroines to be without guile.

A King to the Life

Mr. Fred Terry presented a picture of Henry which leaves a distinct and pleasing impression. There is such a light touch to his love-making, and such a delicious undercurrent of satire in the pretty speeches he makes to the ladies of the Court, all of whom Henry knows are spies of Catherine de Medici. Mr. Terry is the witty and courageous king to the life.

Another fine performance was that of Mr. Malcolm Cherry as Charles IX. The shambling gait, the silly, drooping mouth, the gusts of passion, the pitiful attempts at regal dignity, the shifting eye, now glinting with fear, now lighting up at the approach of his one friend, Henry of Navarre—with such deft touches and a "make-up" cleverly suggesting mental weakness did the actor fill in a portrait of the King of France which haunts the memory.

Miss Julia Neilson received a great reception upon her return to the stage after her illness. Her admirers experienced the further pleasure of finding that Miss Neilson had dropped the mannerisms—the clipped words and childish intonation—which have marred a few of her recent performances, and has returned to her earlier and better manner.

COMEDY THEATRE

Mr. Maugham's "Penelope"

Mr. W. Somerset Maugham must be feeling regret for the remarks he recently made upon the "ephemeral" nature of playwriting. For if he continues at his present rate of improvement he

SKETCHES BY NORMAN MORROW

"Penelope" Character Sketches

will, in a very few years, have written a play which will be handed down to posterity as a picture of the manners, morals, and general point of view of the people who inhabited London at the commencement of the twentieth century. *Penelope* is the fourth, and immeasurably the best, of Mr. Maugham's nice little train of successes. Unlike some other dramatists I could quote, he has not proceeded to hunt round his shelves and palm off previous plays upon the public. It is the fault of managers tumbling over themselves to get at a new playwright that these things are done; but the fact remains.

Mr. Maugham's Ingeniousness

Mr. Maugham has been content, obviously, to let old work lie, and, extracting merely the experience, has proceeded to give us of his newest and his best. Now that he is in the full swing of his work one is able to spot the particular talent which distinguishes him as a writer for the stage. Its ingeniousness. No matter how ancient the subject-matter—we have seen cases both on the stage and off of wives trying to coax back their erring husbands to the domestic hearth—Mr. Maugham manages, ingeniously, to throw new light upon the matter. Plots, like the human figure, started in the Garden of Paradise, but Mr. Maugham, like a clever costumier, succeeds in dressing them up as they have never before been dressed. *Penelope* starts ingeniously, continues ingeniously, and ends ingeniously.

Consider the Commencement

Penelope, in despair at the goings-on of her husband, summons a family council to give her advice. Bringing the family on would have cost many dramatists sleepless nights. Even if the worried author had succeeded in being natural in his fashion of introducing the characters, it is ten chances to one against his being funny. Mr. Maugham is both natural and funny in his method of introducing us to Penelope's papa, mamma, and uncle. For he causes his heroine to send them telegrams, in each of which reference is made to the pet weakness of the addressee. Thus tuft-hunting Uncle Davenport thrills at the mention in his telegram of an Archduchess Anastasia. Mrs. Golightly is no less pleased at a reference to some mission for the conversion of the heathen, and her elderly husband, a mathematician, hastens to his daughter's house to learn the meaning of a mysterious numeral in his telegram. In less time than it takes to tell, we know all about Penelope's family, and are laughing heartily at their idiosyncrasies.

Consider the continuance. It is not the gay, debonair Uncle, with his wide acquaintance and supposed knowledge of the world, who arms Penelope with the magnet with which she draws back her wandering husband, but her old-fashioned, sober-minded father, whom one would never have suspected of possessing the gumption to propose the plan.

The Third Ingenious Stroke

Penelope is advised by her wily old father to do everything in her power to throw her husband into the arms of the enchantress, Mrs. Ferguson. The plan succeeds admirably, for he becomes heartily tired of his enslaver. Then Penelope coolly confesses that she has known all along of the intrigue, a statement which introduces the great scene of the play. For instead of

SKETCHES BY NORMAN MORROW

DIVER, DANCER, AND DIABOLIST

The Extremely Versatile Miss Annette Kellerman
The would-be Channel swimmer and lady champion, who is having a record season in the States at various variety theatres, where she dives, dances, and plays diabolo

Photo *Glasier*

the wife inveighing amid sobs and tears against the infidelity of her husband, he turns round and rends her for her want of morality and utter lack of that decency which should sanctify the domestic hearth!

Culminating Cleverness

Consider the final stroke of ingeniousness. Penelope, convinced that her husband's penitence is sincere, sends for Mrs. Ferguson, and informs her that the mythical Mrs. Mack (a character who always requires an operation when the lovers want a day off) is dead. The two women mingle their tears, and so upon this delicious note of burlesque the play ends. It is ingenious, and wittily written from start to finish.

Even this bare *résumé* is sufficient for the reader to imagine for himself how Miss Marie Tempest would revel in such a part. And never for one single instant does she let the character run away with her. This may sound rather a left-handed compliment. It is not. In one of Mr. Maugham's plays a very celebrated actress found a rôle entirely after her own heart, and she over-acted it in a manner to make the judicious playgoer weep.

All the cast are as good as they can be: Mr. Graham Browne as the wandering husband; Mr. Eric Lewis in his most blithesome mood as Uncle Davenport; Mr. Alfred Bishop as the old father, who is so much wiser than he looks; Miss Norma Whalley, handsome and dashing as the enchantress; and last, but certainly not least, Mrs. Calvert (I nearly wrote "dear old Mrs. Calvert"), whom it does one good to see acting a small rôle with such humour and sprightliness. E. C. S.

Mr. F. R. Benson's Repertoire Season

Mr. F. R. Benson has made arrangements with Mr. Robert Arthur for a Third Repertoire Season at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, which will begin on Monday, February 8. Twelve Shakespearean pieces will be given, including *Richard II.*, *Henry V.*, and *Richard III.* The four weeks' programme will also include *The School for Scandal*, *The Belle's Stratagem*, by Hannah Cowley, and also a one-act play, *A Midnight Bridal*, which, though it sounds like a Melville-drama, is really an adaptation, by Mrs. F. R. Benson and Mr. H. O. Nicholson, of a story by Halliwell Sutcliffe. Subscription tickets for the season are being issued for the boxes, orchestra stalls, dress circle, and balcony, which not only mean the first choice of seats (if applied for before February 1), but also a considerable reduction in price. Also all tickets are transferable. Private boxes available for five performances are priced at £8, £4, and £2, while for the latter sum ten orchestra, or dress circle, or stalls can be obtained. This is a season which should not be ignored, and prospective visitors should make arrangements to book seats as soon as possible.

Two Revivals

There are two revivals in Town now—a new and an old—which are of particular interest. The one is the reappearance of *Diana of Dobson's* at the Kingsway and the other of *Dorothy* at the Waldorf. The latter is as sprightly as she was nearly a quarter of a century ago, and though there are a different Dorothy and a different Lydia in Miss Drever and Miss Pounds, the production, in that

The Revival of "Dorothy" at the Waldorf

A Little Light By-play in the Famous Comic Opera: Lurcher's Amorous Attentions are not Reciprocated

Mr. Arthur Williams again takes the part of Lurcher, the rascally sheriff's officer, by the intensely funny playing of which rôle he made his name on *Dorothy's* first appearance twenty-three years ago

Mr. Hayden Coffin and Mr. Arthur Williams are still in the cast, smacks reminiscently of the original production. Mr. George Edwardes began his climb to the kingship of musical comedy with this piece. Would that all his successes had the same light touch, which age cannot dim, that belongs to Stephenson and Cellier's opera.

"Diana" at the Kingsway

The reappearance of *Diana* at the Kingsway is hardly so much a revival as a reawakening, for it seems but a very short time back that

The Finale of Act II.: Dorothy (Miss Constance Drever) with the Hounds at Chanticleer Hall

Miss Lena Ashwell's tour necessitated its withdrawal. Little can be said about it that has not already been said, as the piece and the players remain as they were at the play's first appearance. Nevertheless, this little serio-comedy of Miss Cicely Hamilton's is one of the pieces best worth seeing, or re-seeing, in Town at the moment. It is preceded by a one-act play by Judge Parry, *Charlotte on Bigamy*. Originally produced at the series of one-act play matinées, it forms an amusing little Lancashire sketch which should not be missed.

HARRY SHERWOOD (*Mr. Hayden Coffin*) GEOFFREY WILDER (*Mr. John Hardsley*) DOROTHY (*Miss Constance Drever*) LYDIA (*Miss Louie Pounds*)

Photos] **The Duel in the Round Coppice: Dorothy and Lydia Salute their Opponents** [*Illustrations Bureau*

Fresh and delicate as when she first made her appearance at the Gaiety in 1886 is *Dorothy*, now to be seen at the Waldorf, and who shall say that the play may not run for another 933 nights, as it did before? In their original rôles are Mr. Hayden Coffin as Harry Sherwood, whose singing of "Queen of My Heart" still brings its due meed of applause, and Mr. Arthur Williams as Lurcher. New to the parts, but eminently successful, are Miss Constance Drever as Dorothy, and Miss Louie Pounds as Lydia

Salmon Fishing Begins: A Famous Spor

Photo

THE LINN OF CAMPSIE, WHERE THE SIN

The prospects for the salmon angler, whose season begins this week, are good. The mild weather and the heavy rains have kept the rivers running high, and the recent snowfall in Scotland means a good push of water, which wil entice the salmon back to their native streams. Few rivers have a greater attraction than the Tay, her some of the finest scenery of Scotland, espec in Tay in all its force bounds over a rocky fall so

ng Centre and Beauty Spot on the Tay

Clarke and Hyde

ERY ADDS A PLEASURE TO THE SPORT

re the best of sport is to be enjoyed among and about the Linn of Campsie, "where the high as to bar the progress of the salmon, but sufficiently high to form a lovely object in the landscape," as Mr. R. B. Marston quotes in his article on page 142. The waters of the Tay at this point are owned by Lord Ancaster and Lord Mansfield

Well Known to Alpine Picnic Parties

Photo *Ward Muir*

A FAVOURITE "TAILING ROAD" NEAR DAVOS

No Alpine winter picnic trip is complete without a "tail" consisting of a queue of toboggans attached (more or less securely) by a rope to the back of a swift sleigh. Each toboggan is ridden by a passenger—at any rate until a sharp corner comes, when the uncanny oscillation of the tail generally causes a capsize, which is more funny than dangerous. Our photograph represents the Davos-Wiesen post road, the scene of many such hilarious excursions. Some scores of tailing parties traverse it every fine afternoon to view the marvellous engineering of the new Landwasser railway, which is being built to make a time-saving link between Davos and St. Moritz, and which will be a boon to innumerable winter sportsmen

"THE BYSTANDER" SERIES OF SHORT STORIES

THE FLIGHT OF UNDERSHAW

AN UP-TO-DATE MYSTERY

By FRED M. WHITE

RAYMOND UNDERSHAW smiled as he listened to the prattle of his partner. He appeared to be perfectly self-possessed, perfectly at ease—anyway, he was perfectly dressed. The dinner was a good one, too; quite up to the standard of David Gordon's brilliant reputation in that direction. There were just a dozen of them there, chosen as carefully as Gordon selected his wines—a social cameo wonderfully matched.

All the same, Undershaw was far from happy, though his pretty partner was talking about himself and the shooting estate he had just purchased in Scotland. Undershaw liked to hear his own praises. He posed more or less for that. And probably after to-night the pleasant experience would not be repeated.

From time to time he glanced at the woman on the other side of the table. She was tall and fair, and her expression that of one who is scornfully amused. Her clear-cut, haughty features did not suggest the golden gift of humour, but the grey-green eyes belied that. She was making critical study of Undershaw as she sat apparently aloof there, and the analysis was not flattering to the man opposite. But he would know all about that presently. For the rest, the carefully assorted party had gathered at David Gordon's little place near Sandmouth for the week-end. Gordon, in the intervals of Stock Exchange business, was interested in everything in the way of sport, especially those branches made exciting by an element of danger. He had strong views on the question of the speed-limit, but a series of conflicts with the Reigate Bench had convinced him of the hopelessness of liberal-mindedness in that direction. And they had quite unfeelingly endorsed his licence. Still, there was hope, so far as the air was concerned; hence the birth of the Gordon aeroplanes. There were three or four of these in the long shed on the cliff. Away from the sea lay a wide expanse of downs, where experiments could be conducted in (comparative) safety. The two light cars constructed to carry one had attracted the attention of the German Government. They were risky, but as easy to manage as a bicycle. Gordon was not selfish either—any of his guests was quite at liberty to experiment if he liked. Beyond all question, David Gordon was a good sportsman.

The ladies rose from the table presently, and followed Mrs. Gordon. The drawing-room windows were open to the perfect summer night, a silver moon hung like a shield against the purple wall of the sky. It was impossible to stay indoors. The men came presently, bringing their cigarettes out on to the terrace. The tall, fair woman fixed Undershaw with her eye. He came obediently to her side.

"I think that you and I have met before, Miss Stirling?" he said.

"Yes," Lotty Stirling said. "I did not get here until late; barely time for me to change for dinner, in fact. You are—Mr. Undershaw."

"Why, of course. You must have gathered that much—Raymond Undershaw."

"Quite so. Let us go as far as the end of the terrace. It is quieter there, and I have a great deal to say to you. That rustic seat looks inviting."

From the expression of his features Undershaw did not appear to think so. He was still smiling, but his lips were unsteady. He sat at one end of the seat, easy and immaculate, the woman half turned from him. It was a very dainty profile, scornful, with just a faint suggestion of amusement about it.

"I think the next move is with you," Undershaw suggested.

"Quite so. As a matter of fact, all the moves are with me, I fancy. Since dinner I have been making inquiries about you—Mr. Undershaw. My sister told me that I should meet you here, but I had not the slightest expectation. Still, we shall come to all that presently. It is not more than three weeks since I returned from the States after a two years' engagement there. I left my sister Constance a child; I came back to find her a woman. Moreover, she was an engaged woman. I was just a little disappointed, because I had been under the impression that she cared for somebody else. Personally, I am still of that opinion. But Constance is young, and she is rather fond of luxury. It appeared that this man could give her all the extravagancies that her foolish mind craved, and the other one—well, couldn't. He was a very fascinating, handsome man. He had made a fortune abroad; he had done remarkably well on the Stock Exchange. He had a house in Town, a place in the country, and a perfect dream of a castle in Scotland. These are the kinds of things that very few girls can resist, Mr. Undershaw."

"I've noticed that myself," Undershaw said, not without humour.

"Naturally, I was anxious to see this Prince Fortunatus. He was out of town when I reached London, so that for the moment I was disappointed. Then Mrs. Gordon told me that he was coming here for this week-end—*the* Mr. Undershaw, she called you. She did not know that you were engaged to my sister, for the matter has not become public property yet. I thought it would be rather fun to come down here and study you for myself—of course, you would not recognise in Lotty Stirling, the actress, Constance Emmerson's sister. I never dreamt, of course, that I should have met you before."

"Are you quite sure that you have?" Undershaw asked, gently.

"Oh, quite! Please make no mistake about that. There is no question as to the identity here. And if there is any doubt on the point, I can send for

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

George Weston. He is in London—in fact he came over by the same boat. Strange that you should be engaged to one Emmerson girl and Mr. Weston to the other, isn't it?"

Undershaw waved his cigarette gracefully.

"I concede the point," he said. "Pray continue, Miss Stirling."

"The first time I saw you," the girl went on, "was in San Francisco. You were then George Weston's partner in an engineering business, and you were both doing well. George had given up his mining work at your suggestion, and you had taken up motoring. You started your career as an electrical engineer, I understand. A few months later you and George had parted, and I subsequently heard that you had robbed him of everything. You left him in such a position that he narrowly escaped being prosecuted. The next time I saw you was in Ontario. You had just been tarred and feathered, and a gang of infuriated miners were riding you on a rail out of the town. That was in connection with 'Chartered Deeps,' which mine you wrecked. If I had not come to your assistance then you would probably have been murdered. And now I find you here, an honoured guest of my friends, the Gordons. Times are changed, Mr. Ferriss."

"As a matter of fact, Undershaw is really my proper name," the man said. There was no suggestion of shame on his face; he was as cool and self-possessed as ever. Anything more unlike a detected scoundrel it would have been impossible to imagine. "One never can tell what fortune has in store. Of course, this is a very awkward meeting—very awkward indeed. Still, one has to be prepared."

"I suppose it is," Lotty Stirling said, thoughtfully. "I may take it for granted that you are still leading a life of fraud. I may venture to doubt the existence of that dream of a place in Scotland or the house in Town. They are not paid for, of course?"

"I'm afraid not, Miss Stirling. To be quite candid, there is no chance of my finding the money. I can speak freely to you, because in any case my career in London is ended with this meeting to-night. I am regarded as a fortunate man, who has made a deal of money. I am supposed to have brought it with me from America. It is quite amazing what a man can do, and what risks he can take, when he has credit for the enjoyment of a fortune. I have actually obtained possession of a castle in Scotland, and enjoyed an exceptionally good grouse shoot without the expenditure of a penny. The same remark applies to my little place in Town. I am on the books of our friend Gordon here to the extent of £10,000. And there are others. You will see presently why I am so very candid with you. As a matter of fact, I have plunged over the very mining shares that you were speaking of just now—Chartered Deeps."

Miss Stirling showed signs of a certain vivid interest. It was only for a moment; then the heavy scorn came back into her eyes again.

"It would have been a good property," she said.

"My dear lady, it's a good property now. I ought to know, because I had the salting of it. But, unfortunately, a certain number of wealthy stock operators think otherwise. Deeps to-day should stand at least at 60, whereas you can buy them for 4½. They are worth nothing apparently, and yet there are no sellers. If I could hold on another month I *really* should be worth a fortune. But I can't. By Monday the bubble will be pricked, and I shall be what is poetically called a fugitive from justice. There will be three or four warrants out for my apprehension, and I shall have to stand my trial. So far as I can see, there is no possibility of escape for me. Still, I don't much mind. I have had a good time; I've mixed with some good people. I am very fond of all this kind of thing, you know. I have a fine sense of the artistic."

He indicated the house behind its creepers, the open windows with the glimpse of pictures and palms and flowers beyond. His manner was almost gay.

"I see," Miss Stirling said, thoughtfully. "Your philosophy is charming. Speaking as a playwright, this interview is inspiring. I am positively grateful for it. You are a combination of Captain Swift and Jim the Penman, with a dash of Raffles thrown in. But, surely, to be arrested by a commonplace detective in a commonplace way and be sentenced by a commonplace judge would be trivial. You should disappear mysteriously in such a way as to leave the impression that you are beyond mortal reach."

"Yes, but how?" Undershaw asked. "The motor-car over the cliff business——"

"Oh, that was crude! Most inartistic and carelessly thought out. Why, the little office-boy on his way to the City worked out the solution before the *Daily Mail* suggested it. There is a very much better way than that."

"If," Undershaw said, eagerly, "if you would only——"

"I'm coming to that presently. Not for your sake, but for that of my sister and somebody else. I don't want a scandal in my family, and if you would disappear without leaving a trace behind I should be grateful—almost. Have you any money?"

"About a five-pound note—no more."

"Then I shall have to find it. I will go over to Roeford in the morning, and cash a cheque there. You shall have £500—stop, don't thank me yet. I am not precisely giving you this money. In return you will write me a letter assigning all your shares in Chartered Deeps to me. Armed with this, I can write to your broker and send him a cheque to carry over till next settling-day. You can make all your arrangements for getting away in the course of the morning. In the afternoon, when Mr. Gordon's garden-party is over, you will take me to the cliffs and explain to me the mechanism of those aeroplanes. I understand that you have all the details at your finger-tips."

Undershaw murmured his gratitude. Miss Stirling should have the letter before she slept. As to the rest, that would be easy. If he could only disappear in a plausible manner, the other part would be child's play. It was a mere matter of disguise, a trip in a hired motor, and the thing would be done.

. . . . . .

A mob of people had gathered on the lawns before Mr. Gordon's pretty residence. A great many friends had motored down from Town for the occasion. Miss Stirling sat a little apart from the rest under plea of a headache. If it got no better she really thought that perhaps a stroll along the cliffs would do her good. It would be breezy and refreshing up there on this hot, stifling afternoon. If she did go up there might she

(*Continued on page 136*)

"The aeroplane came swooping down into the sea half a mile away"

BY DUDLEY HARDY

(*Continued from page 134*)

be permitted to examine the aeroplanes? Mr. Undershaw had promised to explain them.

"Oh, Lord, yes!" Gordon said, in his breezy way. "Undershaw and myself had a turn with Number 1 before breakfast. She's a little beauty. Just a trifle top-heavy, perhaps, but we shall remedy that defect in time. Undershaw will show you, and you will have the whole place to yourself this afternoon. My ground is fenced in, you know. Really, can't have any curious people trespassing there."

It was just before teatime that Miss Stirling returned. She dropped into a chair, pale and agitated, and apparently on the verge of collapse. Mrs. Gordon rushed forward.

"Good gracious! What has happened?" she cried. "Are you ill, Lotty?"

"The aeroplane," Lotty gasped. "Mr. Undershaw was showing me. He—he took one or two turns and proposed a tack over the cliffs, and a little way out to sea. The machine had been behaving splendidly. I was frightened all the same. I closed my eyes for a moment, and when I looked again the aeroplane was gone."

"Gone!" Gordon cried. "Gone! What do you mean by that?"

"Vanished," Lotty said, with half-closed eyes. "It seemed to take a kind of upward flight, then it curved, and wheeled like a bird with a broken wing, and dropped from my sight. It came swooping down into the sea half a mile away. You need not ask me any more; it's too awful to think of. Whatever questions you have to put to me I couldn't give you anything more plain."

Gordon thrust the chattering, excited mob aside. He gave Lotty his arm as far as the house, and handed her to the care of her maid. She wanted to be alone, she said. All she needed was to lie down in a darkened room and rest. She was sufficiently recovered by dinner-time to rise and dress and write a letter or two, which she sent her maid off with in time to catch the post. She looked a pale and pathetic figure in her black dress as she crept into the drawing-room.

"I suppose there is no more news?" she asked.

"No news of poor Undershaw, if that's what you mean," Gordon explained. "There is not the slightest doubt as to his fate. He was too far out to have a ghost of a chance. The tide sets very strongly out there, and the water is deep. I've been talking to one of the local boatmen about it. He says that a tourist party were upset from a boat there once, two years ago, and their bodies were never recovered."

"Did you save the aeroplane?" Lotty murmured.

"To a certain extent, yes. We got the boat out and dragged the aeroplane to shore. So far as we could see, the light steel mast of one of the sails was bent. When the machine came to tack, the sail jammed the wind, and turned her on her back. This would bring her headlong to the ground. It's all the same; Undershaw would have met his death in any case. We found his cap and one of his gloves floating on the water. Most deplorable business altogether."

Apparently there was no more to be said or done. Beyond all question, Undershaw had met with his death. The police authorities were of the same opinion, which was further endorsed by the papers next day. Miss Stirling was duly interviewed, and her portrait published with the inevitably nebulous result. It was the sensation of the hour, and, like most sensations, Monday morning found it forgotten. Miss Stirling was remaining at Sandmouth for a few days; she had not recovered from her shock yet. She had half-expected to receive a visit from her sister, but she had merely written. It was all very dreadful, of course; and Charlie Leconfield was awfully kind and sympathetic. He did not appear to be in the least resentful, but Lotty would know about that. And Constance really didn't think she would go into mourning. It didn't suit her, and, besides, Lotty knew that Charlie preferred her. . . . . Lotty smiled.

But there was no smile on Gordon's face as he came back to dinner on Monday.

"It's about Undershaw," he explained, in reply to his wife's questions. "Fellow turns out to have been an absolute rotter. Hadn't a bob. Let us in for a pile, too, and there are others in the City as well. I beg your pardon, Lotty, but it seems to me that your sister has had a precious lucky escape. That is, if Undershaw was engaged to her as people are saying. Of course, if Chartered Deeps had come off all right, Undershaw would have stood on velvet. But they are going to stay where they are till the smart division are ready. Then they'll boom."

"I'm glad of that," Lotty said, quietly. "I am interested, you know. As a matter of fact, I took all poor Mr. Undershaw's shares off his hands the night before his death. You see, I know the engineer who discovered the mine—Mr. George Weston. I met him several times in America. I hope I haven't made a mistake. It was a bold thing for a poor girl like me to do, and I feel very anxious. I have taken the liberty of asking Mr. Weston to come down here to-morrow and see me."

"Very glad to meet him," Gordon said, hospitably. "Send him a wire, asking him to dine and spend the night. Besides, he's a useful chap to know. And, upon my word, though it sounds hard, I'm almost glad this affair has happened. Undershaw has certainly escaped five years' penal servitude."

Weston came down dutifully enough the following afternoon. Mrs. Gordon was engaged with callers, and Gordon was not yet back from the City. Weston would very much like to see the garden. Roses were a hobby with him.

"Well, old girl," he said, once the roses had been admired. "This is a bad business about that fellow Undershaw. Terrible shock for you."

"Call him Ferriss," Lotty whispered. "He was Herbert Ferriss."

"Good Lord! To think of it! And at the old game, I suppose?"

"Yes. You can imagine my astonishment when I saw him opposite to me. And that man was actually engaged to Constance. We had a big talk in the garden afterwards. He was not a bit ashamed of himself. He saw that the game was up, of course. He was not particularly afraid of me, because, you see, he had come to the end of his tether. A few hours, and he would have been in the hands of the police. He had no reason to expect any money at my hands, of course, but there was a reason. You see, he had in his possession a block of Chartered Deeps, and I wanted them. They were no use to him, but exceedingly valuable to me—to *us*, George. You told me that they could not be got hold of for love or money, and there

(*Continued on page 138*)

Lady Ursula Rediviva

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

MISS EVELYN MILLARD, WHO IS NOW APPEARING IN THE REVIVAL OF "LADY URSULA"

All the old charm still clings to Miss Millard's performance which brought her such fame on the first production of this delightful eighteenth-century drama ten years ago, and has now been revived at the Garrick Theatre. She is as great a success in the light comedy parts of her role as in its more serious side

(*Continued from page 136*)

they were. I bought them, and they are in the hands of my broker. Of course, they are yours as much as mine. We shall be able to afford a little more than a cottage now."

George kissed the speaker. It seemed appropriate to the occasion.

"And Ferriss was lucky to the last," he said. "Still, the shock to your feelings——"

"You need not waste any sympathy on me," Lotty smiled. "And with the purchase of Chartered Deeps in my mind, I am not quite so sure about Ferriss's luck. I want you to assume that he is not dead at all. What I needed was to get him out of the way so as to save a scandal for Constance. And I had got more than even for the way you were originally served over the Chartered Deep Mine. The idea flashed into my mind after I had first seen the aeroplanes. It was ever so much more artistic and simple than the absurd motor-car and cliff affair. Say you want to disappear. What better could you have than an aeroplane by the sea? You have only to alter the set of the sails, and set the machine going 'on her own.' Down she comes into the sea half a mile away, and subsequently your cap and your gloves are discovered with the car. You only need a witness who can—well, act a little, and the thing is done."

"And this is what actually happened?" Weston asked.

"My dear, I didn't say so; I merely suggested it as a possible solution. The rest is merely a matter of a suitable disguise. Nobody actually asked me if I saw our friend fall into the sea—I suppose the question never occurred to anybody. And why should I make a fuss? I've saved a family scandal, and I think I have made a fortune at the same time. I certainly shouldn't have done it if it had not been for the Chartered Deep shares."

Weston kissed the speaker again. This time probably as a token of forgiveness. He would probably have repeated the operation but for the appearance of Gordon. He was carrying an *Evening Standard* under his arm.

"Glad to meet you, sir," he said. "And I say, Lotty, you're in luck. Chartered Deeps are up six points, and no selling at that. You take my advice and hold on."

"I'm going to," Lotty said, quietly.

FRED M. WHITE.

BY CEYLON'S SUNNY STRAND

Photo *L. N. A.*

A Cingalese Beach-Picture: The Flying Katamaran at Rest on the Sands

One of the most picturesque things of that picturesque country, Ceylon, is the light-winged and frail-balanced katamaran, which, instead of being steadied with a keel, has a smooth length of wood jutting from the side, which can be adjusted to which ever position the wind necessitates

In the "Belle of Brittany"

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

A PORTRAIT STUDY OF MISS MILLIE LEGARDE

Who continues to delight large audiences at the Queen's Theatre as Mlle. Denise de la Vire in "The Belle of Brittany," which has now enjoyed a run of four months. She assumed her present part five weeks ago

BY FIELD, STREAM and COVERT

Photo] Reynard in Full Cry: A Remarkable Snapshot (not touched up) Taken at Staythorpe, Notts [*Howard Barrett*

Hunting with the Grafton

It is satisfactory to know that the arrangement in the Grafton country, by which Sir Samuel Scott is Joint Master this season with Mr. Charles McNeill, is working very smoothly. Joint Masterships are not invariably successful, a duplication of authority sometimes having a bad effect on the field, and even on the sport. But in the case of the Grafton country an arrangement of this kind was really necessary. Mr. Charles McNeill is admittedly one of the smartest huntsmen, amateur or professional, now carrying the horn, but he found it impossible last season to hunt his hounds and at the same time keep a hard-riding field in check. Thus Sir Samuel Scott, a very popular man in this part of the kingdom, was invited to join Mr. McNeill in the control, and everyone is satisfied with the dual management. The Grafton country has never been quite so fashionable as its neighbour, the Pytchley, probably because it is rather wilder and more difficult to cover. Certainly the man who wants to see most of the fun with the Grafton needs to be exceptionally well mounted, particularly for those formidable blackthorn fences around Brackley. There is plenty of good sound galloping pasture, a proportion of holding plough, and some valuable woodlands, whose foxes are traditionally stout and bold.

Photo *G. J. Wilkinson*

Baroness von Eckhardstein and her Daughter at a Meet at Spilsby of the Southwold Hunt

The Baroness was, of course, the daughter of the late Sir John Blundell Maple, and it will be remembered that her matrimonial troubles with the Baron, who was at one time Secretary to the German Embassy, occupied the attention of the Courts some eighteen months ago

Some Interesting Changes

The question of future Masterships is one very much to the fore in the hunting world just now, resignations having become fairly numerous during the present month. One or two Hunts, however, have already surmounted their difficulties in this direction. The East Essex people, for instance, have persuaded Mr. Edmund Deacon to stay on, while the members of the Blackmore Vale have found a popular new M.F.H. in Mr. F. Wingfield Digby, of Sherborne Castle. Everything that should make for success this young sportsman has on his side. He was bred and born in the Blackmore Vale country, is one of its largest landowners, and has no end of keenness and youthful energy. Sir Hugo Fitz-Herbert succeeds Earl Manvers in the Rufford country. Lord Charles Bentinck adheres to his decision to give up the Blankney Hounds at the end of the season, and Mr. E. T. Mashiter is relinquishing the command of the Essex Union, whilst in Ireland the Masters of the Duhallow and the Muskerry countries are both retiring.

The Polo Recent Form List

Polo players will have been greatly interested in the Recent Form List for 1909, now issued by the Hurlingham Club. This year the list is longer than before, containing thirty names in all. Captain Godfrey Hesletine, who has a staff appointment in Madras, is dropped this time, but there are five newcomers, two of whom are Captain George Bellville and Lord Wodehouse, who were in the all-conquering Old Cantabs team last season. Major Neil Haig, who never ought to have been taken off the list, has again been placed among the "elect," and with him are Mr. Frank Rich and Captain C. de Crespigny. A. W. C.

Hunting with the Grafton

WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWERS AT A MEET AT BRACKLEY

A Meet of the Grafton Hounds at the Green Man, Brackley Hatch: The Joint Master, Mr. McNeill, and the Hounds
Left to right: J. Ball (2nd whip), Mr. Charles McNeill (Joint Master and Huntsman), J. Scott (1st whip)

Mr. "Bob" Sievier
Who is hunting with the Grafton from Brackley this season

Lady Sophie Scott
Wife of the Joint Master

Sir Samuel Scott
The Joint Master with Mr. C. McNeill

Photos] **Some Prominent Members Have a Quiet Smoke While Waiting** *[L. N. A*

The Joint Mastership of the Grafton, held by Mr. Charles McNeill and Sir Samuel Scott, is working well—not always the case in arrangements of this nature. If the Grafton be not quite so fashionable as its near neighbour, the Pytchley, it numbers many well-known sportsmen among its followers, who must needs be exceptionally well mounted, particularly to negotiate the blackthorn fences around Brackley. The sport after the meet at the Green Man, Brackley, on Wednesday week was, unfortunately, not very good, the chase never making exciting headway. The day's sport, however, was somewhat redeemed by a long run from Tile House Gorse across the Lillingston Dayrell country, the fox being killed just on dusk

Photo *Clarke and Hyde*

Two Splendid Salmon from the Tay

These two fish, which were taken from the Kinfauns Flukie waters, weighed over 60lb.

Salmon Fishing Begins

THE OPENING OF THE SEASON

By R. B. MARSTON

Sport in the Highlands

Walking high up on a Highland hill-side one grand frosty salmon-fishing morning in spring, on our way to our fishing, I said to William Black: "I wonder, Black, if you can appreciate this as much as I do?" Black, who was generally quiet, almost taciturn, of a morning—until he had thawed out, as it were—stopped and said: "Appreciate what?" I just waved my hand towards the splendid scene of broken, rocky valley, swirling salmon river, dark, fir-clad hills, and misty mountains beyond. Our friend, J. G. Morten, was a little ahead, and the gillies with the rods were a little behind. "Morten!" shouted Black, and as the latter turned he added: "Marston wants to know if we can appreciate it as much as he can." "Appreciate what?" "This!" cried Black, waving his arms in every direction. Then there was a roar of laughter, in which the gillies quietly joined. What I meant, as, of course, they knew, was that one to whom such scenes were, like angels' visits, "few and far between," must be impressed more than those who have lived among them for years.

Salmon anglers will find no better pictures of salmon fishing than among William Black's own descriptions, of Highland life and scenery; and there was nothing he loved more than spring salmon fishing on a river in which you can fish the pools by wading. All salmon angling is good; but casting a fly with the stream pushing against you is best of all.

A "Comet" Year

This is a great Comet year; astronomers are already fishing in the pools of the heavens for Halley's Comet; great Comet Years are proverbially good port and sport years. Naturally, therefore, reports from the North predict a good time for the spring salmon angler; the very mild weather and the frequent heavy rains since the end of October have kept the rivers running high, clean fish have already been seen rising in many famous pools, and the recent heavy snowfall all over Scotland means a good push of water, which will entice the salmon in thousands to revisit their native streams during the coming months.

Sport 'Mid Beauty

It is good to be again feeling the spring of the salmon rod as it lifts the fly from the water and sends it out again; there is something fascinating in the mere action of casting—even when your unaccustomed backbone aches with the exertion. "He missed it, sir!" This is your friendly gillie's polite way of telling you that you missed the fish. You saw nothing, but his wonderful knowledge of the ways of the water detected the unnatural swirl in the midst of the natural ones; or his eye caught a glint from the silvery side of the fish as it turned. Perhaps you were admiring the scenery in front of you. And some excuse for you, too, if you were fishing such a salmon river as the Tay, with some such scene as that shown in our double-page picture before you, "where the Tay in all its force bounds over a rocky fall, not so high as to bar the progress of salmon, but sufficiently high to form a lovely object in the landscape." This is from my friend, the late Mr. J. Watson Lyall's invaluable guide to the fishings and shootings of Scotland. In the same book is recorded how, on the famous Finford stream, one of the best on the Tay, a little above the Linn of Campsie, Mr. Charles A. Murray one day a few years ago caught twenty-two salmon, averaging 22lb., with fly, and in 1884 Lord Ruthven killed, on the same stream, also with fly, a 54lb. salmon, of which a cast made by Mr. Malloch of Perth may now be seen in Perth Museum.

"Keep your ee on your flee"

But you "maun keep your ee on your flee" if you want to hook your salmon; admire the landscape when the fish lies on the rocks in the foreground—it gives a wonderful finish to it. Angling on the Tay, Loch Tay, the Lyon, the Ness and Loch Ness, the Thurso, Helmsdale, Halladale, and other rivers commenced this week. The Dee angling commences February 11. With reference to the prospects on the Tay at the moment of writing I hear that the river is in fine order, and that promise of sport could not be better.

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"The Mind of Napoleon." By Harold Wheeler. (Sisley's: 3s. 6d. net.)
"Cornish Characters and Strange Events." By Baring-Gould. (Lane: 21s. net.)
"The Long Arm." By Phillips Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

Was Napoleon a Nice Man?

A glance through *The Mind of Napoleon* (Sisley's: 3s. 6d. net), by Harold Wheeler, brings an odd thought to the mind of myself: What would have been the subsequent lot of Napoleon had there been no Waterloo, and consequently no banishment? Some men will, probably, imagine Napoleon, at middle age, sharing Alexander's fate—collapse at the strain of too much conquest. Or they will picture him suicidally leaping from a rock by Cape Horn because he had there reached the end of his conquering tether. I prefer (after reading the above-mentioned book) to picture a nice, cosy old gentleman, long since removed from the cares of government, reclining in armchairs at London tea-parties. For, if the recorded utterances of Napoleon are a real index to his character, his was no mind of blood and iron, which saw all countries as potential cockpits, and all men as potential corpses, but that of a peace-loving, benevolent *bourgeois*, anxious for nothing so much as a quiet time and the greatest good of the greatest number.

* * *

Some Proofs of his Tender-Heartedness

To pick at random. What more admirable than Napoleon on doctors. "I have a higher opinion of the medical profession than any other. . . . The mission of surgeons is to benefit mankind, not to destroy them or to inflame them against each other." This picture of the Man of Destiny denouncing destruction is eye-opening; it follows startlingly his announcement that "Soldiers are cut-throats and robbers." The opinion of Napoleon on music—a subject one hardly associates with his name—is as grateful to us as was that famous one of Carlyle's about music lifting us to the brink of the infinite. "Of all the liberal arts, music has the greatest influence over the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement . . . music—that tender companion of emotional man, the inspirer of sentiment. Let man convince himself more fully of the delights of sentiment, of the happiness of a country life, of the innocence of the earliest ages." Napoleon babbling of music, sentiment, happiness, and innocence is a bewitching vision.

* * *

Where Napoleon Praised England

The Emperor never offended England so much in his life as he did after his death, when came to us his saying that we were a "nation of shopkeepers." Now, it is not to be denied that Napoleon said this; he also said: "Look at the English! They conquered us, and yet they are far from being our equals." Mr. Wheeler's anthology, however, places, cheek by jowl with these, sayings which flatly contradict them. "The English character is superior to ours. They are in everything more practical; they emigrate, they marry, they kill themselves with less indecision than we display in going to the opera. *They are also braver than we are.* Had I an English army, I should have conquered the universe." I think, in face of this handsome tribute, the sooner we obliterate the "shopkeepers" gibe from our memories, the better. For obviously Napoleon never meant it. There are many other notable reminders in this book of the breadth of Napoleon's intellect, of his benevolence, and his statesmanship. Still, it is not safe to revise our judgment of him solely on the grounds of a reading of his utterances. One must judge, first and last, by actions, and those of Napoleon left a red blot on the world. The only reservation is that, had he not made it, somebody else might have made a bigger one. And Napoleon did give to France that blend of military efficiency and democracy which is her great glory, and which many another nation, including our own, has reason to envy.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie

The author of "Sunny Sicily," one of the best books about the now unhappy island, and other books of travel, who has been instrumental in sending 25,000 articles of clothing for the use of the earthquake sufferers. She has been personally thanked by the Italian Ambassador

* * *

Unimportant People

But that it sounds ungrateful and harsh, I should be tempted to hint that Mr. Baring-Gould's fat volume, *Cornish Characters and Strange Events* (John Lane: 21s. net), may prove to be the dullest, baldest book of the season. About one hundred local

personages are separately dealt with, and the story of each is told with so little of Mr. Baring-Gould's usual force and grace that they all appear alike equally unimportant and uninteresting. One has some hope on turning to the Lord Mohun, who has proved a useful character to many previous writers, but he fails us, and it is not until Mr. Gould deals with that extraordinary playwright and mimic, man of fashion and penniless adventurer, Samuel Foote, that he is really interesting. Foote was all things, from man of fortune to spiteful satirist, so many times in so many different ways that it would be hard to make his little history other than amusing, although the jokes of George II.'s day do seem a little bit old game in our century. V.C.

A Pleasant Book of Blackguards

Mr. Phillips Oppenheim's *The Long Arm* (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*) is mostly a book of blackguards, and it is not until some two-thirds has been read that a single pleasant character can be found. However, the members of this gallery of scoundrels do not all come to a bad end, for eventually three pairs of husbands and wives become reunited. The hero, Mannister, one of fiction's "strong, silent men," is the victim of a band of conspirators, upon whom, one by one, he revenges himself. One by one their names are crossed off the list he keeps with him, the majority receiving their deserts by means which he engineers, but never personally administers. However, the story must not be taken too seriously. Mannister's schemings, wanderings, and successes make first-rate entertainment to beguile a railway journey or a convalescence. Mr. Oppenheim writes, in a flowing style, an easy narrative, which, however improbable and filled with "the long arm of coincidence," makes good reading, and wiles away pleasantly enough a spare hour or so.

Irritating Fantasy

The finest fantasy is the simplest, but in his romance of London and its most prosaic suburb, Mr. C. G. Compton, in *The Princess of Hackney* (Lane: 6*s.*), has only succeeded in being irritatingly obscure. To some there may be an attraction in bewildering dialogue, which requires the concentration of a law student to unravel, but I doubt if the book will find much favour with those men and women of affairs who wish for a plainly told, straightforward story to read for the pleasure and relaxation it affords. An abstruse, esoteric stylist has his public, and its members will, no doubt, enjoy the adventures of the Princess of Hackney, really the heir to the throne of the Balkan State of "Carusia," whose claims, with those of a rival, are exploited by "Royalties, Ltd." Here is scope for originality, which it were to be wished had not been spoiled by a lack of directness in the telling, and an irritating fantasticality.

"Red Love"

Miss Wentworth-James is quite up to date in the selection of her heroine in *Red Love* (Werner Laurie: 6*s.*), who is a lady who dances "classically" at the Castle Theatre and lunches with the Prime Minister. In fact, her personages and places are as thin in their disguise as is the dancer's gauzy dress, which is unnecessary if the story is merely a story, and unkind if it's not. Miss James tells us in far from an unpleasing style of the rise and fall of Miss Linda Henniman's sex-antagonism as demonstrated by her two love affairs. Finally, however, after two false starts, come wedding bells and happiness. The writer has formed quite a justifiable and interesting story around her text, "sex-antagonism," but she dwells with a noxious and quite inartistic insistency on certain of her adjectives.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie and Sicily

It was fitting that the writer who, in her *Sunny Sicily, its Rustics and its Ruins*, gave us, a few years back, such a pleasing picture of the now unhappy island, should come to the aid of sufferers from the earthquake, and Mrs. Alec Tweedie has been instrumental in sending 25,000 garments for the use of the homeless, clotheless, and starving sufferers. Mrs. Tweedie is one of those happy personages who finds it a joy to be alive, and when she is not travelling through little-known zones to gather material for a chatty and interesting travel book, she is a familiar figure in society.

Photo *Temple Photographic Co.*

Across the Great Sahara: Mr. Hanns Vischer Writing the Account of his 1,700-mile Desert Journey from Tripoli to Nigeria

A hazardous but important journey across the Great Sahara, from Tripoli to Northern Nigeria, intended to throw open again the caravan route for British Mohammedan pilgrims to and from Mecca, has just been accomplished by Mr. Hanns Vischer, who is now in this country writing an account to lay before the Royal Geographical Society. At the outset he met with much opposition from the Turkish authorities in Tripoli, and was several times attacked on his journey by the Senoussists, a fanatical sect, who, it appears, are well supplied with modern arms and ammunition, and form a real menace to European government in Africa

'Varsity Hockey

THE OXFORD OCCASIONALS BEAT THE CAMBRIDGE WANDERERS AT SURBITON

Photo A Corner Against the Occasionals, who Won, rather unexpectedly, by 4 Goals to 2 [*Dixon*

Photo A Race for Possession [*Dixon*

Photo A Clever Pass by Oxford [*Muggeridge*

Photo The Wanderers Running Out to a Corner Hit [*Muggeridge*

The result of the match between the Oxford Occasionals and the Cambridge Wanderers on the Surbiton Cricket Ground last week came rather as a surprise to the latter's supporters, for though Cambridge were playing a powerful team, the Occasionals beat them by 4 goals to 2, although they had three changes from their announced side. Cambridge never seemed to recover the goal scored by Gay at the very commencement of the game

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The New Rules

We are now under the new dispensation, and have had time to realise in practice the differences between the old and the new, which look so small in theory, but which prove in actual play to be fairly important. The permission to tee for the next stroke when a ball has been sent out of bounds from the teeing-ground strikes a good many critics and players as a somewhat generous privilege. The old rule made a man drop his ball on the tee in the same way as through the green. Whether the permission to tee for the second stroke was left in the rule through an oversight, as some maintain, is not clear to me. The evident intention of the revisers when they framed their original version of the rule was to save the teeing-ground from the wear and tear of iron strokes necessitated by the ball, when dropped, settling in a cuppy lie or a heel mark. The original version of the new rule imposed the penalty of loss of a stroke for the crime of playing out of bounds. This did not pass, and the original penalty of loss of distance was substituted.

The Late Harry Crawford at North Berwick

One of the last of the old race of caddies was "Big" Crawford, who died on the 3rd inst. at North Berwick, where he had long been a familiar figure. For some years he carried regularly for Mr. A. J. Balfour and also Ben Sayers, sen.

"Out of Bounds"

The permission, however, to tee the second ball at the teeing-ground was allowed to remain. This certainly makes the penalty for driving out of bounds from the tee very light indeed. Practically it comes to a question between green-keepers and players. If the former insist that their teeing-grounds can alone withstand wear and tear by being kept free from the dangers of skelp marks, then I suppose the rule will stand. Personally, I never heard any complaint on this score during the life of the old rule. As a matter of fact, many players never tee their ball at all, preferring to take it off a natural lie, while anyone who watched the second hole at Prestwick played during the Open Championship last year could see the deliberate havoc wrought in the teeing-ground by the best players in their effort to get "stop" on the ball.

"The Brushing Hand"

It will take some time to get accustomed to the new rule prohibiting brushing aside loose impediments with the hand. In this connection I take the opportunity to dispose of a hardy myth which grew up out of this practice. It used to be generally assumed by many writers and players that this brushing aside must be done with the back of the hand. There was never any foundation for this assumption. The old rule simply said that certain stated loose impediments might be removed "by brushing lightly with the hand only across the putt, and not along it." Nothing was ever said in the rules as to the side of the hand which was to be used. However, the "brushing hand" has now disappeared, and in place of it we shall have the "picking up hand."

The Matter of a Molehill

Curiously enough, although "molehills" are mentioned in the section (12) defining loose impediments, they are not specifically mentioned in Rule 28 (2), where we get the permission to scrape aside with a club on the putting-green "dung, worm-casts, snow, and ice." I presume that the revisers did not contemplate such an outrage on the part of a mole as an attack on a green, but such horrors do occasionally occur, and I can foresee a lively discussion as to whether a molehill must be "lifted from the putting-green" or whether it may be scraped aside.

A Query Dealt With

Already an anxious query has been addressed to me for guidance in connection with Rule 1 (2) and (3) of the special rules for stroke competitions.

Rule 1 (2) says that "Competitors shall play in couples," and (3) says "Competitors should strike off from the first tee in the order in which their names appear upon the starting list." My correspondent wants to know whether, as no penalty is laid down for a breach of this rule, three competitors playing together for a monthly medal should be disqualified, and further whether competitors can be punished for starting their round at some other hole than the first?

I think that the two points are governed by Rule 2 (1), which says that "Competitors shall start in the order and at the times arranged by the committee." A breach of this rule involves the penalty of disqualification. I take it, therefore, that Rule 1 is for the guidance of committees as to the proper procedure in conducting medal competitions. If the committee fail to make proper arrangements in accordance with the directions of Rule 1 then the competitors can hardly be punished for infractions under Rule 2.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

THE RUGBY CRISIS: WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT?

The Bombshell from Over the Border

Although the decision of the Scottish Union to cancel the International match with England seems to have taken the newspaper world by surprise, the world of football will probably recognise that it was only to be expected. Personally, I regard it as a dignified and efficient protest against the apathy which the English Union has displayed of late years towards the maintenance of its own most cherished traditions; in fact, towards the primary object of its very existence—the preservation of Rugby football as a strictly amateur game. A hint of what might be expected was given when Scotland refused to play the Australians (an example which, by the way, was followed by Ireland), and we used to be furnished with a statement of the accounts relating to the tour of the New Zealanders in this country. These accounts show that an "allowance" of a guinea a week, in addition to payment of every possible expense, was made to every member of the "All-Blacks" team, with the approval of the English Union, and it has further been ascertained that a similar "allowance" is now being made to the Australians. The Scottish Union are absolutely right in saying that the giving of a sum of money which can be spent on whatever he pleases, or saved, at the player's option, is a violation of the principles of pure amateurism. It may be but an insignificant sum in itself, but it represents the thin edge of the wedge of professionalism, and even though it may be urged that it is a far cry from this to professionalism in its fullest sense, *i.e.*, the using of the game as a means of livelihood, the Scottish Union insist, as they have always insisted, that there can be no "half-way house" in Rugby football.

Mr. C. J. B. Marriott

The Secretary of the English Rugby Union

England's Responsibilities

Speculations are rife as to what will happen next, and possibly something further may happen before these lines appear in print. Ireland may follow Scotland's lead, as she did before, but I confess that I cannot accept the argument that, in order to be consistent, Scotland must refuse to play

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

The Venue of the Abandoned Match: Erecting the Stand at the Rugby Union's New Ground at Twickenham

Owing to the action of the Scottish Rugby Union, the usual match against England, which was to mark the opening of the Union's new ground, will not take place this year. This decision has been reached in consequence of Scotland's objection to the "allowance" of a guinea a week (and the payment of all expenses) to the members of the Australian team now touring this country

Photo] **Marathon Runners in the Making: Men of the South Wales Borderers in Training** [*L. N. A.*

The Army Marathon Racing, which is to take place towards the end of the month in the neighbourhood of Aldershot, is being eagerly prepared for by enthusiastic sportsmen in the ranks, who may daily be seen training along the roads in the district

Wales as well as England. Whatever Scotland may think as to the purity of Welsh football (which is quite another matter), the positions of the English and Welsh Unions, so far as the matter of Scotland's present protest is concerned, are widely different. The English Union is directly responsible for the tours of the New Zealanders and the Australians, and for the financial arrangements made in connection therewith, and on that ground Scotland will be doing nothing inconsistent if she confines the operation of her protest to the country which is responsible for the state of affairs of which she disapproves. It is to be hoped that her fearless attitude towards the dangers with which the game is threatened will awaken the English Union to a sense of its responsibilities.

HOCKEY

Saturday's Two Big Matches

The two trial matches last Saturday ended as they were expected to end, in victories for the South and Midlands respectively. The South played the East at Beckenham, but if the East had played as well in the second half as they did in the first they would not have been beaten by five goals to two. The Southern forwards in the second half were, however, much better together, and Keigwin had plenty of work to do for the East in goal, and did it very well. S. H. Shoveller, Logan, and Thompson all played well, and C. S. Hurst was in good form at back, where the East felt the absence of J. H. Pattison very severely; but the South are not quite what they were in the absence of H. S. Freeman, Eric Green, and H. R. Jordan. They will have to improve on Saturday's form if they are to beat the Midlands at Birmingham next month. The latter team beat the West by three goals to love at Bristol, but the latter side put up a good fight, their forwards especially giving Wood and Stocks plenty to do. The Midland forwards were not quite so consistently good as usual their rushes being rather spasmodic, although quite overwhelming when the whole line really got going.

A BOOK ON BILLIARDS

To Aid the Amateur

Though there seems very little prospect, at the time of writing, of either foxhunters or golfers being so frozen out this winter as to be driven to the bridge or the billiard table as their sole solace in the daytime, yet after-dinner billiards in country houses will, no doubt, hold its accustomed place as a mild aid to digestion. In many cases, to judge from the lack of skill displayed, this is about the only purpose it serves, bar the execution of gorgeously variegated flukes; but those who would like to improve their game might do very much worse than read carefully Mr. J. P. Mannock's "Billiards Expounded," and endeavour to reduce their ordinary happy-go-lucky game to a more scientific performance according to the instructions laid down therein. Many books on billiards have been published, but most of them aim too high. Mr. Mannock, being a well-known and successful teacher of the game, repeats his lessons—so far as can be demonstrated on paper—in his book; he caters for the amateur who is desirous of improvement, and he takes as his main text the endeavour to keep both object balls in such a position that a break of losing hazards may be made from them. His instructions, illustrated by breaks played with this object in view, are really useful, and cannot fail to improve the game of anybody who practises what the author preaches; and, of course, when he has mastered volume I., volume II. may spur him on to even greater proficiency.

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BY H. C. DAVIDSON

A Fine Race of Plants

The irises are among the most beautiful flowers in cultivation, yet, in spite of the large number of species, it is rare to see in a garden more than three or four—the German, the Spanish, the English, and, perhaps, Iris Kæmpferi. All these are very fine, the last especially, and in their many varieties they extend over a wide range of colour, but their flowering season is comparatively short, only a couple of months or so, whereas by the aid of other species it may be made to cover the greater part of the year. I. stylosa and I. histrio, for example, flower in February, I. persica and I. reticulata in March, I. susiana and I. pumila in April, I. cristata and I. germanica in May, and I. Kæmpferi and I. hybrida in June, English irises in July and sometimes August, and then there is a slight gap until October, when I. alata begins, often continuing until December. At the extremities of the scale—at the beginning and end of the year—there is not much chance of variation, for the species that flower then are few; but in the intervening period they may be counted by the hundred. Then, again, some may be found which will grow in almost any position—from a light sandy soil, in which the bulbous species do best, to a wet clay, in which I. Kæmpferi thrives. There is one species, I. tectorum, which may even be grown on a roof. It is so grown by the Japanese, not primarily for æsthetic purposes, but in order that the roots may hold the thatch together, and wonderfully beautiful it is when in flower in early summer. There is many a summer-house in English gardens, especially in the southern counties, on which it might be planted with charming effect.

Work in the Greenhouse

Camellias in warm greenhouses are already beginning to expand their buds, and require more water, while an occasional application of some fertiliser in a liquid form will be beneficial. The temperature of the water should be at least as high as that of the house, and may, with advantage, be slightly higher. It is the greatest mistake to give cold water to any plants grown under forcing conditions. If there is no tank inside the house, water, whether drawn from an outside supply or from the main, should always be warmed before it is poured over the soil or sprinkled over the foliage. Unless this is done, it must check growth, and so produce an injurious effect. Heaths require much the same treatment as camellias, but rather a lower temperature and a drier atmosphere. Mildew is often troublesome if there is an excessive amount of moisture, as also it is if they are placed in a draught. Unless withered leaves are removed from pelargoniums they are likely to cause the stems to decay, and this applies also to the stipules, the little sheaths at the base of the leaves. At the same time, the buds certainly start more readily when the stipules are left on than when they are taken off. The function of the latter is generally supposed to be to protect the former, but that is not the whole of the matter. They form little pockets, in which moisture gathers, and its softening influence on the epidermis enables the buds to burst sooner than they would otherwise do. Cuttings of pelargoniums and geraniums which have formed roots may be transferred to separate pots, and seedling cinerarias may be pricked out. Larger plants raised last year should still be kept as cool as possible. Frost should be excluded, of course, but the less artificial heat is used the healthier they will be.

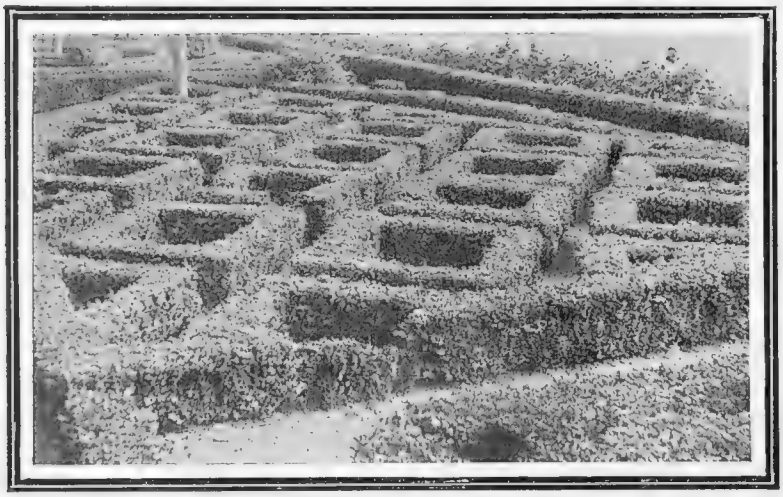

Photo *Leonard Willoughby*

A Finely Trimmed Box-Edging at Grimsthorpe Castle

This photograph shows a corner of Lord Ancaster's coat of arms picked out in box-edging at his Lincolnshire seat, and is a fine example of what may be done with this hardy little shrub

Winter Holidays

Though convention looks upon the summer months as the only holiday season, the present-day strenuous trend of things demands the winter holiday as well as the usual vacation taken in the summer-time. Why "holidays" should be connected with the summer-time it is hard to say—air, rest, and change of scene, the true ingredients of a real holiday, are just as obtainable in the winter months. Those who contemplate holidays this winter, be it only in the nature of occasional week-ends, should obtain from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, a delightful little booklet, published by the Great Western Railway, entitled, "Winter Holidays at Ideal Home Resorts."

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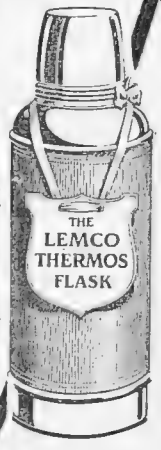

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RACING NOTIONS

THE GRAND NATIONAL. By CARBINE

Entries for the Great 'Chase

At last the Grand National entries are out, and now we have got them there is really nothing at all unexpected about them. This is, perhaps, the most remarkable of all our races in that it calls for a horse of quite a special type. There have been all-round animals good enough to shine at Liverpool and over other courses as well, but, as a general rule, the horse who wins the National seldom finds another race to suit him. Look, for instance, at Rubio, the sensational winner last spring. His two performances previous to the National were so utterly bad that nobody would look at him for the big race, and yet he achieved one of the easiest victories on record. He is entered this time, and no matter what weight the handicapper gives him he will surely come in for public support. It is always comforting to know that one's fancy really can stay the severe course. For the same reason Prince Hatzfeldt's Ascetic's Silver will be supported, regardless of weight.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Desmond's Gift Makes a Bad Blunder, but Wins the Race at Windsor

The Bray Steeplechase at Windsor on Wednesday was a chapter of accidents, only two horses, Desmond's Gift and Perdicus, finishing, Mr. Pirie, the former's owner, cleverly recovering after making a bad blunder at the last fence

A Formidable Stable

Apart from the well-tried warriors like Rubio, Ascetic's Silver, Tom West, Wolf's Folly, Red Lad, Patlander, and others—how familiar the old names are — chief interest in this year's entry attaches to Mr. C. G. Assheton-Smith's formidable string. Ever since this sportsman won the National with Cloister (shall we ever see a grander 'chaser?) he has naturally had hopes of securing the same prize again. During the past two years he has been able to get together an unequalled lot of jumpers. First he bought Cackler, then Jerry M., then Holy War, and more recently Rough Pup—a quartette worth anything upwards of £10,000. They have all been entered for the National, and if their owner accepts the weights allotted to them, their prospects will be the subject of eternal discussion during the next two months.

Owners Who Hope to Win the National

Mr. Frank Bibby, a popular Master of Hounds, and a very stalwart supporter of National Hunt racing, has taken five chances for the Grand National, and naturally hopes that he has another Kirkland among them. Mr. Stanley Howard, sighing, no doubt, for a second Eremon, the finest winner of the race in recent years, rests content with Jenkinstown, while Colonel Kirkwood, who won the National twenty-eight years ago, has entered a couple of Irish horses, of which Phæthon is distinctly promising. I am glad to see that Mr. Dermot McCalmont has entered Johnstown Lad. This young millionaire soldier has inherited the fine sporting instincts and manliness of his uncle, the late Colonel Harry McCalmont, as well as his wealth. He is anxious to shine as a rider across country, and has purchased Johnstown Lad and one or two others with this end in view. He will probably ride this horse in the Grand Military Gold Cup at Sandown Park.

Selections for the Week

Weights for the National will not be published until the 28th inst., and, in the meantime, I suppose we cannot hope for much excitement in steeplechasing. Hurst Park gave us some tolerable sport last week-end, but it was miserable to see a walk-over in the chief event on the first day, while on Saturday the two best steeplechases only attracted fields of three and four respectively. With regard to selections, I will content myself with suggesting that at Manchester **Alhuera**, who likes the course, may win the Palatine Steeplechase on Wednesday, and **Medico** the Cheshire Hurdle Race on the following day. **Rough Pup** ought to be able to account for the New Year Steeplechase at Lingfield on Friday.

Sportsman's Diary for 1909

This small waistcoat-pocket diary should be in the possession of every sportsman. It is bound in Royal red leather, has a patent fastener amongst the most adroit of its kind, and the leaves are gilt-edged. In addition to the daily diary, it contains a lot of useful information which the racing man will appreciate, including a list of Flat and Steeplechase Meetings for 1909, lengths of Newmarket Courses, comparative tables of English and Foreign weights and distances. It also has Mr. Gant's terms of business, than which it can safely be said that no rules ever devised by mortal man can show more fairness and liberality in every way to clients. "No Limit," "No Commission," "No Deductions," are three of their features. Another of Mr. Gant's business methods is that all cheques in payment of clients' winnings are signed in an assumed name so that the nature of the business does not transpire when Mr. Gant's cheques are paid away. It is sent free to all existing and prospective clients upon written application to Mr. D. M. Gant, member of Tattersalls, 25, Conduit Street, London, W.

MORE BOVRIL!

January, with its changeable weather—its "muggy," wet, bitterly cold, keen and biting samples of weather—is, perhaps, more trying than any other month. And that s when there is a greater demand than ever for Bovril. Bovril contains the body-building elements of prime beef in an easily assimilable and palatable form. There's nothing more pleasant to take, and experience teaches that there's nothing better to keep one fit at this season of the year. Bovril braces one up, warms and reinvigorates the system. It infuses abundant energy and keeps one in the best of health.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

An Optimistic Note

Presiding at the first annual dinner of the Royal Automobile and Associated Clubs at the Hotel Cecil last Thursday, H.S.H. Prince Francis of Teck delivered a spirited address to some 400 members and friends. Prince Francis was very outspoken on the subject of much-needed reform in motor legislation, and equally broad-minded in his admonitions to all to respect the law as at present in vogue. Lord Montagu, Lord Kimberley, Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Campbell, General Sir H. Rawlinson, and Sir Edward Henry, Chief Commissioner of Police, were among those who expressed great hopes for the future of automobilism in this country.

The Ubiquitous Tram

Those of us who live in the immediate neighbourhood of London or other of our great centres of population and activity are all too painfully aware of the serious hindrance to motoring occasioned by tramcars. On almost all of the main roads which radiate from the Metropolis tramway lines now stretch for distances of from eight to twelve miles, and in some cases—the Oxford road, for instance—they are not to be shaken off for a very much longer distance. I have no inclination to pen a diatribe against the various Corporations whose weighty vehicles monopolise so much of our road space.

For *unbiased* ADVICE, free of charge, CONSULT JERMYN ST. MOTOR WORKS if you are buying a NEW or SECOND-HAND CAR. Write for "Hints on the Purchase of Cars"; also List of Cars for Sale.—Wells St., Jermyn St., S.W. 4757 Mayfair.

Work for Mr. Burns

I do, however, most strongly deprecate the interpretation of the present Local Government Board Regulation, which stipulates that a "carriage" moving in the same direction shall be passed by an overtaking vehicle on the off-side. The law, as it seems to me, was framed for the purpose of avoiding accident and inculcating a very praiseworthy practice of the rule of the road, and its application to the generality of traffic has proved most admirable. Tramcars, however, which are unable to deviate from the lines laid down, without mishap, should not, I think, be classed in the same category, and I am sorry to see that the Court of Appeal, in the recent action, Burton *v.* Nicholson, has decided that these vehicles are "carriages" within the meaning of the Act. There is comfort in the dictum of the Lord Chief Justice, who said that "in his view the fact had been overlooked when the Regulations were framed that there were on certain roads vehicles that ran on fixed rails, and were incapable of lateral deviation. It was very desirable that the Regulations should be amended at once after the form adopted in the Town Police Clauses Act." All motorists will wish success to the R.A.

Mr. Hebden Barker on his 12-14 h.-p. Straker-Squire Car

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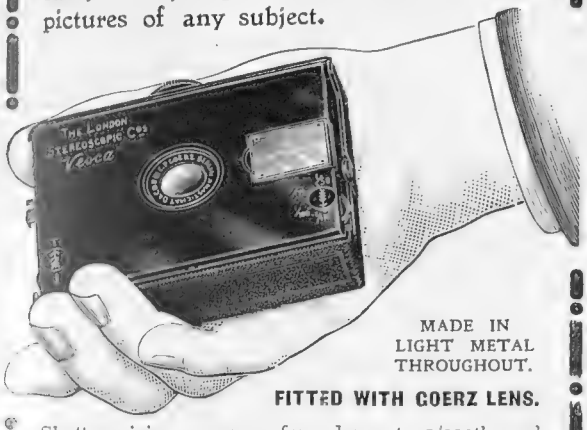

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The "Allenburys" Foods are alike suitable for the delicate and robust, and when used as directed, form the best means of rearing a child by hand. The No. 1 Milk Food may be given alternately with the mother's milk without fear of upsetting the child or causing digestive disturbance. The dreaded process of weaning is thus made easy and comfortable both to the mother and child.

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MILK FOOD No. 1. *From birth to 3 months.*

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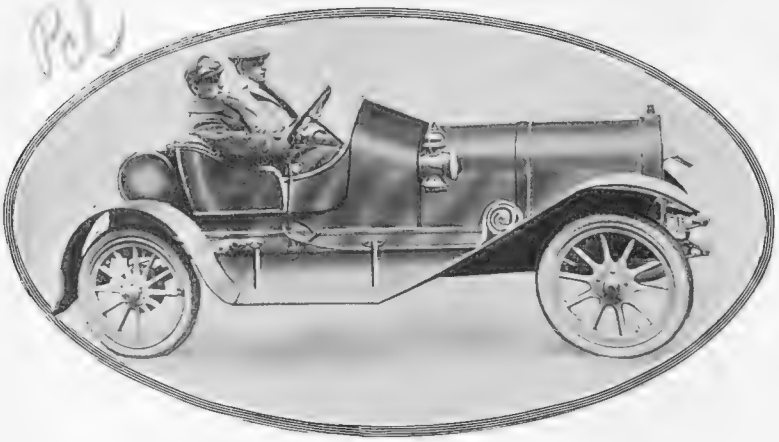

Latest Four-Cylinder Adams 'Varsity Type Car of 16 h.-p.
This car, while retaining the famous "pedals to push" system, is remarkable for several excellent inventions, and is of exceptional power and speed

and the Bradford A.C. in the representations they are now making to Mr. John Burns on this vexed question.

Future Legislation

While it is highly improbable that any serious attempt will be made in the near future to amend or modify the existing Motor Car Acts, it is always desirable to keep the subject in mind, if only with the view of educating the public to a proper appreciation of the real position of the automobilist. It is interesting, therefore, to note that so influential a journal as the *Standard* has devoted considerable space to the discussion of a draft Bill for Motor Act Amendment, framed on suggestions made by readers of our contemporary. These suggestions unanimously advocate the abolition of the existing speed-limit in rural districts, and advise increased penalties for offences against the provisions of Section 1. The equity of such proposals no right-minded automobilist will for a moment dispute, nor will any fault be found with the recommendation that it should be obligatory on all Local Boards and Urban and Rural District Authorities to establish and maintain warning signs wherever required. I am not quite at one, however, with the clause which would enact that all applicants for a driving licence should first provide themselves with a certificate of competency, granted by some recognised authority, because I think such a proviso would prove a serious handicap to many aspirants whose proficiency must, for the most part, be acquired on more or less public thoroughfares. It is not everyone who can purchase a car and learn to drive it in his own private grounds. The main plank in the platform of the motor law amendment propaganda, that of earmarking taxation for road improvement and upkeep, should, I think, be placed prominently in the centre of all such discussions, as I feel assured that no question of reform is more deserving of more strenuous support. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

USE CARBURINE MOTOR SPIRIT. —For particulars apply to THE G. L. I. COMPANY, LTD., 7, Bishopsgate Street Without, London, E.C. Telegrams: "Carburine, London." Telephone No.: 4452 London Wall.

Miscellanea

Messrs. Du Cros-Mercédès, Ltd., of Long Acre, have just had the honour of receiving the Royal Warrant of Appointment to His Majesty King Edward VII. as purveyors of motor-cars. His Majesty has two 40-45 h.-p. Mercédès new type cars in use.

Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd., have just issued a remarkably neat and handy little compendium concerning the famous Metallurgique cars. It may be had on application to 110, High Street, Marylebone, W.

It is seldom that one comes across a more entertaining trade brochure than that issued by the management of the Jones Speedometer. Bright and witty, well written and illustrated, the little booklet should be in the hands of all. It may be had from Messrs. Markt and Co., Ltd., 6, City Road, Finsbury Square, E.C.

Mr. Louis M. Bergin, of the Dunlop Tyre Co., has been appointed to a seat on the Board of that firm, and Mr. J. Gooding has joined the Directorate of the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd.

Messrs. Rushmore Lamps, Ltd., have issued a new catalogue for 1909 which shows a considerable lessening of prices for these famous headlights. It may be had on application to 49, Rupert Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

Mr. A. J. Atkinson, of Ellerton House, Brough, Yorks, has acquired one of the famous "four-inch" Darracq which helped to gain the team prize in the Isle of Man last autumn.

So successful has the management of the Lanchester Company proved, that £20,000 of 5 per cent. debentures have been paid off, a striking testimony to the popularity which the sterling merits of Lanchester cars has attained.

The Edinburgh Motor Exhibition opens at the Waverley Market on January 22. Quite a number of London firms will be represented, including Messrs. Warwick Wright, Daimler, De Dion-Bouton, Jarrott and Lett and many others. Mr. J. W. Stocks will essay an officially observed non-stop run from London to Edinburgh on the night of the 21st inst., and Mr. Charles Jarrott is sending one of his speedy little Sizaire-Naudin cars on a similar errand at the same time.

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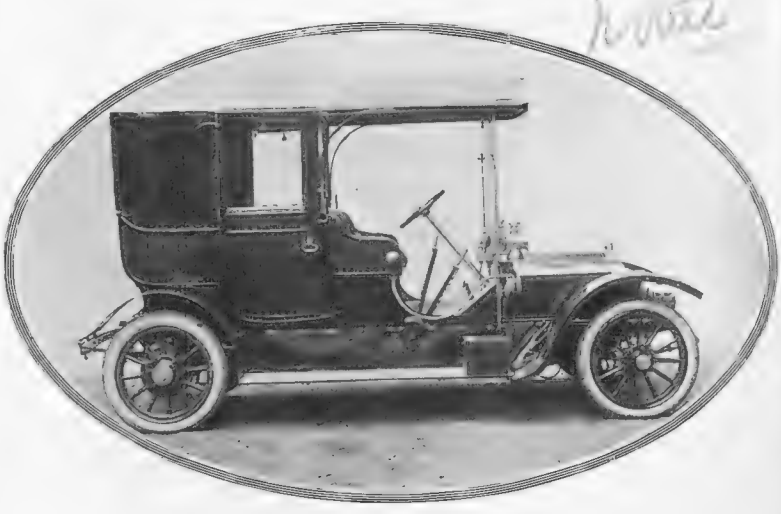

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Fitted bathroom. Company's water and gas. National Telephone. Stabling and cottage, with useful outbuildings, fine old timbered and thatched barn. Grounds of 3 acres, excellent kitchen garden, tennis and other lawns.—Full particulars of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, where other photos may be seen.

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Acetylene Gas. Gravel Soil.

THE INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS

comprise tennis and other lawns, pretty rustic bridge over a ravine, extensive woodland walks, walled kitchen garden, and meadow-land, in all

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the whole forming an ideal Country Residence, amidst the most perfect surroundings. — Cannot be too strongly recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

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—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W.

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TO BE SOLD OR LET, a pretty old HOUSE, enlarged and modernised, commanding magnificent views, and approached by private drive ½ mile long: lounge hall (26ft. by 23ft.), dining room, drawing room, billiard room, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 4, motor-house, etc.; shooting over 1,370 acres, with excellent coverts.—Particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,838)

SUSSEX (just outside a pretty village on the Surrey borders).—To be LET or SOLD, the above substantially erected RESIDENCE, nearly covered in creepers. It stands in 4½ acres, and contains: fine billiard room (33ft. by 24ft.), 3 reception, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 2, and useful outbuildings. The pretty old grounds include 2 good tennis lawns, flower borders, small orchard, fruit and kitchen gardens, small paddock, etc.; a large meadow in front can be rented if desired.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,112)

QUIET COUNTRY RETREAT on the Chiltern Hills, 1 mile of station, and 45 minutes of Town. — £1,500 will PURCHASE a modern RESIDENCE, standing in 6 acres of grounds. Accommodation: large hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, and usual offices; stabling for 3, and useful outbuildings. — KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,135)

IN A PRETTY PART OF SUSSEX.

£3,750 WITH 26 ACRES.—A great bargain; the HOUSE is old-fashioned, but in excellent order, and contains: 10 bedrooms, bathroom, and 3 reception rooms; stabling for 3 horses; ½ mile from station.—Full particulars on application to KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,082)

500FT. ABOVE THE SEA, ON GRAVEL SOIL.

SUSSEX (standing on the summit of a hill, commanding splendid views in every direction, and within easy reach of the famous Ashdown Forest). —To be SOLD, a modernised COTTAGE RESIDENCE, fitted with every convenience, including the electric light. Accommodation: lounge hall (10ft. by 17ft.), 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; the House is heated by hot water, Company's water is laid on, modern sanitation; stabling for 3; gardener's cottage; beautifully timbered gardens, ornamental lakes, summer-house, well-stocked kitchen garden, and over 20 acres of excellent pasture. —Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,147)

500FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

AN HOUR OF TOWN.—To be SOLD, an attractive FREEHOLD PROPERTY of 150 acres, comprising undulating pasture and woodlands in a ring fence. The commodious Family Residence contains: 3 reception, billiard, and 14 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 5; 2 lodges, cottages, etc.

MODEL FARM-BUILDINGS AND DAIRY. Electric light is installed.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,768)

ABOUT 450FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

SUSSEX (in a healthy and picturesque locality). —To be SOLD, the above attractive RESIDENCE, occupying a high yet sheltered position, and approached by carriage drive, with picturesque lodge at entrance. Accommodation: lounge hall, 3 reception, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices, including servants' hall; stabling for 4, and good men's rooms. The grounds extend to about 6 acres, and include tennis and croquet lawns, and additional land can be had; soil, loam on sandy rock; good supply of water; modern sanitation.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (783)

A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE.

KENT AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—To be SOLD, the above charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, enjoying a high situation, about 100 yds. from the road, and approached by winding carriage drive, with lodge entrance. Accommodation: 4 reception, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices; stabling for 3, garage, and man's accommodation; the lovely old grounds are well timbered, and include tennis lawn, rose walks, flower and kitchen garden, orchard, woodland, pasture, in all about 35 acres. —Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,059)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

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Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

IO, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

EAST GRINSTEAD (near).—£2,900 will PURCHASE the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE, with stabling for 3; 4-roomed cottage; pretty pleasure gardens; well-stocked kitchen garden, and glasshouses: occupies a high situation; South aspect; lovely views; 7 bedrooms, dressing room, bath (h. and c.), 3 sitting rooms, lounge hall with fireplace; 12 minutes from station; easy reach of Ashdown Forest golf links.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,205)

GENTLEMAN'S RESIDENCE.
MODEL FARM.

500FT. ABOVE SEA, in very pretty rural district, 25 miles from London.—This extremely comfortable, old-fashioned HOUSE; electric light; modernised; approached by long drive, with lodge, and containing: 14 bed, 4 large reception rooms; excellent stabling and men's quarters; very prettily arranged gardens and lawns, woodlands with charming walks, orchards, and meadows. 155 acres in all; model farmery of excellent design, and giving very ample and first-class accommodation for pedigree and dairy farms. To be SOLD; worth the money.—Recommended from inspection by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,936)

FIRST-RATE HOUSE.

BETWEEN BRIGHTON and LONDON, on high ground, with extensive views over the Weald.—To be SOLD (or would LET), ESTATE of 117 acres or RESIDENCE and ground without the land. House is approached by drive with lodge, and contains: 11 bedrooms, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling for 6; excellent lawns and gardens.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (21,343)

DORKING (close to Boxhill).—To be SOLD or LET, Unfurnished, the above charming old-fashioned HOUSE, well away from motor dust, approached by private road; lovely and well-timbered grounds of 2 acres, fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses; 2 cottages; 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms, conservatory, and offices; stabling for 3 horses; gas and water; modern drainage. Moderate price.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,893)

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COUNTRY REGISTERS
FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

HINDHEAD DISTRICT (very beautiful rural situation, well away from building development).—DELIGHTFUL LITTLE HOUSE OF BIJOU CHARACTER, standing high on sand rock, amidst extensive gorse and bracken-covered land and inexpensive grounds; admirably suited as week-end or permanent residence: 3 reception rooms, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; small stabling; trout fishing on the property.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,243)

400ft. UP. 77 ACRES.

KENT (1¼ hours from Town, in lovely rural country), very comfortable HOUSE amid well-timbered park-lands, and containing: 4 large reception rooms, bath, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 1 large enough billiard room; good stabling; very pretty but inexpensive gardens, woodland, lake, 3 acres; light soil; Company's water available; excellent farm-buildings, and more land available. Price £6,000.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,928)

BUCKS (550ft. above sea, on the Chilterns; perfectly rural and good hunting district, ¾ hour by rail from London).—Medium-sized COUNTRY HOUSE (see view above) and 13 acres for SALE, all in first-class order, and commanding magnificent views; stabling for 8 horses; cottages; pretty, well-timbered pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, and meadow-land; modern drainage; water laid on. Close to golf. Price, £4,300.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,238)

WHADDON CHASE, BICESTER, GRAFTON, AND LORD ROTHSCHILD'S.

TO BACHELORS SEEKING GOOD HUNTING QUARTERS AT A NOMINAL PRICE.—£1,100 WILL PURCHASE a CAPITAL BIJOU HOUSE, containing: 6 BEDROOMS, BATHROOM (h. and c.), 2 reception rooms, capital offices; outbuildings, 9 LOOSE BOXES, 1 stall, coach-house, etc.; 2 MILES FROM BUCKINGHAM, 8 MINUTES FROM STATION.—Inspected by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (23,262)

SEVENOAKS (near; lovely district).—£3,200 WILL PURCHASE a charming RESIDENCE, standing on HIGH GROUND, with FINE VIEWS and SOUTH ASPECT: 3 reception rooms, 12 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, bathroom, and offices; excellent stabling, coach or motor-house, etc.; LOVELY GROUNDS, rose gardens, kitchen garden, etc.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,250)

12 ACRES. 12 BED. ELECTRIC LIGHT.

70 MINUTES FROM TOWN (1½ miles' express station).—This modern RESIDENCE, occupying secluded position, and containing: large square hall, 4 reception rooms, conservatory, 10 bed, 2 dressing, 2 bathrooms; stabling, coach-house, and rooms over; 2 full-sized tennis and 1 croquet lawn, orchard, garden, and paddocks. To be SOLD.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,923)

MAGNIFICENT VIEWS.

DEVONSHIRE (near old-fashioned town, in lovely district).—£1,700 will PURCHASE the above charming HOUSE, with stabling and grounds of 3 acres: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception rooms; ½ mile from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,236)

£2,400 WILL PURCHASE Bijou COUNTRY HOUSE and 30 ACRES, in a pretty part of Sussex, a little over an hour from Town: 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms; gardens, orchard, 2 conservatories; cottage and outbuildings; 2½ miles from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,951)

£1,400 WILL BUY a small, old-fashioned Yachting RESIDENCE on the river Crouch, 40 minutes from London; fairly high situation; 1½ miles from station; 12 acres good old meadow-land, pleasure and kitchen gardens, tennis lawn; 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, and offices.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,251)

ESHER AND OXSHOTT DISTRICT (on outskirts of pretty village in this favourite neighbourhood, 5 minutes' walk from golf links).—For SALE, at a reduced price, the above capital COUNTRY HOUSE, standing in beautiful grounds of about 5 acres; tennis and croquet lawns, orchard and paddock; stabling for 3 horses, and coachman's rooms; 10 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms, and offices; 10 minutes' walk from station. More land can be had. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (20,502)

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GODALMING DISTRICT.—The above exceedingly attractive RESIDENCE to be SOLD, standing in its own pretty grounds of about 3 acres: 3 reception, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, and good offices; stabling, coach-house, etc.

OVER 300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

Gas, electric light, and every convenience.—Full particulars of Owner's Agent, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,795)

ABOUT 1 HOUR FROM TOWN.—This charming RESIDENCE to LET, Furnished, for term of years: 16 bed and dressing, bath, 4 reception; stabling 8; picturesque garden surrounded by well-timbered park 150 acres; capital hunting; golf; electric light.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 1,120)

FORTHCOMING SALES BY AUCTION.

On Tuesday, February 9, 1909.

HARRODS (Ltd.) will OFFER, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., at 2 o'clock, the following:—

BICKLEY.—An attractive and well-arranged FAMILY RESIDENCE, with stabling and gardens of nearly 2 acres: 5 bedrooms, bath-dressing room, 3 good reception rooms. Main modern drainage, gravel soil. Long Leasehold at £36 5s. Ground Rent.

Solicitor, J. C. Row, Esq., 14, Gray's Inn Square, W.C.

RYDE (Isle of Wight), overlooking the Solent, very central for the town, but quite retired.—The commodious MARINE RESIDENCE, "Moray House": 11 bed and dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms; excellent stabling, cottage, etc.; flower and kitchen gardens and glasshouses. Term, 999 years from 1848, at £38 15s. Ground Rent.

Solicitors, Messrs. NISBET, DAW and NISBET, 35, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

ENNISMORE GARDENS (No. 11).—One of the best HOUSES to be SOLD at a low Reserve. Accommodation comprises: 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, and good offices; garage for 2 cars; electric light; drainage recently overhauled; stone staircase. Lease, 47½ years. Ground Rent, £125 p.a.

Solicitors, Messrs. PAYNE, SHAW, MACKENZIE and LAKE, 10, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

PELHAM PLACE (No. 14).—A comfortable BIJOU RESIDENCE, having 4-5 bedrooms, bath, 2 reception rooms, and offices; garden back and front; electric light and gas installed. To be SOLD at a low reserve. Lease about 4 years. Ground Rent, £7 per annum. Garden Rate, £1 2s. per annum.

SOUTH EATON PLACE (64).—To be SOLD, at a low figure, a small, convenient TOWN HOUSE, having 4 bedrooms, 1 dressing room, 2 double reception rooms, and usual offices; electric light and gas is installed. Lease 14 years from March, 1909. Ground Rent, £2 10s. per annum.

Solicitors, Messrs. WIGAN, CHAMPNERNOWNE and PRESCOTT, Norfolk House, Victoria Embankment, E.C.

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY.

IN A LOVELY DISTRICT WITHIN A FEW MILES OF GUILDFORD.

TO BE SOLD, at the low price of £5,000, this charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, commanding magnificent views, in a secluded position, with lovely old grounds, tennis lawn, orchard, kitchen garden, etc.: lounge hall, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing, bathroom, servants' hall; stabling for 4 horses; gardener's cottage; and gentleman's cottage, now let at £50 per annum.—Strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 8,22-)

£2,600. OR NEAR OFFER.

SURREY HILLS.—To be SOLD, this exceptionally well-placed, up-to-date RESIDENCE: 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, pretty grounds, 1½ acres, lovely views; stabling or motor-house.—Inspected, strongly recommended, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

500ft. above sea level. 35 minutes of London.

WANTED TO PURCHASE (possession February or March), within 1½ hours South of London—Sussex or Hants preferred, fairly high situation and dry soil essential—a good HOUSE, containing 10 or 12 bedrooms, stabling, and about 10 acres, including good paddock; an old house preferred, but a modern one not objected to if grounds well timbered. — Particulars to B.Q., Box K 5,271, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

AN HOUR OF LONDON.

£1,500 WILL PURCHASE a picturesque old-fashioned COTTAGE, standing on gravel soil, 400ft. above the sea: lounge hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms; could easily be enlarged; stabling for 2; nicely timbered old grounds of an acre; more land could be purchased if desired. — Particulars of H., c/o Box K 7,211, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

KENT (in a beautiful part, 1 hour's train journey of London, and easily accessible to all parts of the county). — To be SOLD, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in a nicely timbered park, and commanding picturesque views: 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; also servants' hall and housekeeper's room; good stabling; delightful old gardens, shady walks, tennis lawns, walled kitchen garden. etc.—Particulars of A., c/o Box K 4,129, THE BYSTANDER. Tallis St., E.C.

WANTED TO PURCHASE IN LEATHERHEAD DISTRICT.—RESIDENCE containing: 3 reception rooms, 8-10 bedrooms, etc.; stabling or good garage; matured grounds of about 3 acres. It is imperative that the House stands high, on gravel soil, and is quite secluded.—Send photos to C. H., c/o Box K 5,279, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street. E.C.

35 MILES FROM TOWN. ABSOLUTELY RURAL.

TO BE SOLD.—A fine old stone-built HOUSE, covered in creepers, standing in 7 acres of glorious old grounds, specially noted for the filbert orchard. The House is in excellent order, and contains: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, and 6 bedrooms; stabling and outbuildings, paddock, etc.—Box K 4,022, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

WANTED, a FARMHOUSE of the Queen Anne or Georgian period, with a little land (about 12 to 20 acres), within 5 miles of a good station, South of London or Bucks preferred; photo if possible.—"R. D.," care of Box KF 5,096, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.

£3,250 WILL PURCHASE a picturesque old-fashioned COTTAGE RESIDENCE and about 50 acres. The Property is situate on high ground, and commands lovely views of the Surrey Hills. It is 2 miles of a station, whence London can be reached in an hour; 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling and cottage; matured garden, orchards, and pasture-land, in all about 50 acres.—Further particulars of Box K 3,912, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SUSSEX (beautifully placed, overlooking Ashdown Forest, commanding lovely views).—To be SOLD, a FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, approached by carriage-drive, with lodge entrance, enjoying South aspect, and nicely sheltered from the North and East. Accommodation: outer hall, opening to sitting room hall, 3 large reception, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, etc., and usual domestic offices, including servants' hall; capital stabling; the grounds extend to about 45 acres, and include pleasure and kitchen garden, pretty woodland walks, and good grass and arable land; capital range of modern farm-buildings; hunting, golf, fishing, and rough shooting.—Further particulars of P B., Box 4,149, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

NEW FOREST (Spring, Hunting, and Summer let if wished).—A picturesque and choice little thatched HUNTING-BOX, surrounded by parklike meadows, to LET from middle of February for 3 or 6 months, at the nominal rent of 4½ guineas a week, including garden expenses: 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 5, coach and motor-houses; produce of cows and use of plate and linen can be had; hunting 5 days a week with deer and foxhounds; Lyndhurst Road Station 1 mile distant.—Particulars of WALLER and KING, The Auction Mart, Southampton.

RICHMOND PARK (on the borders of).—To be LET, on Lease, for 7, 14, or 21 years, or the long LEASE would be SOLD on exceptionally low terms, a charming modern ivy-clad RESIDENCE, in quiet position, standing in about 2 acres of attractively laid-out gardens. The accommodation comprises: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms, large hall, and usual domestic offices; excellent garage in rear. Owner would re-decorate for tenant.—For further particulars and cards to view, apply Messrs. MARLER and MARLER, 176, Sloane Street, Belgravia, S.W.

HUNTING MANSION FOR SALE.
THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE JOHN WATSON.

THIS MAGNIFICENT RESIDENCE, known as "Bective," near Navan, Ireland, occupied by the late Mr. John Watson, for many years Master of the Meath Foxhounds, is now to be SOLD. The Mansion House, overlooking the River Boyne, stands in the centre of beautifully timbered grounds, and is approached by a long carriage drive, with lodge at entrance; there is also very extensive modern stabling for 80 horses, farm-buildings, fox-hound kennels, and cottages for large staff of men; riding school, coach-house, motor-house, asphalt floor, and large range of loose boxes. The Mansion is in splendid order, and contains: 4 sitting rooms, 11 bedrooms, 3 dressing rooms, 7 servants' rooms, 2 bathrooms (hot and cold water), w.c.'s, men's rooms, dormitories, etc.; excellent water supply; acetylene light installation of latest type; sanitary arrangements in perfect condition. The lands contain about 170 acres, of which 115 acres is good grazing land; there is an excellent garden, and the House is surrounded by well-laid-out pleasure grounds, all beautifully situated on the banks of the Boyne; the lands are well planted, and there is some shooting, while the river supplies plenty of salmon and trout fishing. Bective Railway Station is within 1 mile of the House, which is situate right in the centre of the Meath hunting country, and within easy reach of the Kildare Hounds. The Property is held in Fee Simple. Immediate possession can be given.—Apply, E. WHITE, 16, Molesworth St., Dublin.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR THE WINTER, about 16 miles north of London, quite in the country, a warm, comfortable HOUSE, on gravel soil, occupying a bright situation on high ground. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 14 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; good stabling; a moderate rent will be accepted from a good tenant. — Box KF 743, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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STAFFORDSHIRE (within 2 miles of a station).

TO BE SOLD, or might be LET Unfurnished, this very attractive and beautifully situated FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, occupying a high and bracing position some 420ft. above sea level, and commanding some of the most lovely pastoral views to be found in the Midland counties.

The accommodation comprises: oak-panelled hall with galleried staircase, 3 lofty reception rooms, perfectly lighted billiard room, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), studio, darkroom, etc.; stabling for 6 horses, coach-house, harness rooms, coachman's cottage, etc.; the pleasure grounds are tastefully laid out and embrace a total area of about

3¾ ACRES.

Terms upon application to F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W. (U 1,292)

HIGH ON THE CHILTERN HILLS.

EASY DISTANCE OF THE HUNTERCOMBE GOLF LINKS.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, on Lease, a well-known COUNTY SEAT, beautifully situated in South Oxon, overlooking a grand old deer park, and the Thames Valley: library, drawing room, dining room, billiard room, conservatory, some 19 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, ample servants' quarters; modern sanitation: acetylene plant; beautiful grounds and gardens, with vineries, etc., and about 35 acres of grassland; good stabling, 2 lodges, 2 cottages.

Rent, £450 per annum

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,232)

LEICESTERSHIRE.

FOR SALE AT £1,750 FREEHOLD.

AN OLD-FASHIONED TIMBERED CEILING FARMHOUSE, within 1 mile of a station on the G.C.R., standing about 800ft. above sea level, with S.W. aspect. Accommodation: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 staircases, usual domestic offices; extensive outbuildings, including stabling for 4 horses. The grounds extend to 17 ACRES, comprising lawns, rose garden, kitchen garden, paddock, and 2 meadows. Immediate possession.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U1,283)

ONE OF THE BEST-POSITIONED HOUSES ON THE SURREY HILLS.

ADJOINING WELL-KNOWN GOLF LINKS.

TO BE LET, Furnished, or SOLD, a most ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE, with 10 acres of well-timbered grounds, overlooking the Wealds of Surrey and Sussex, with distant views of Kent and Hants. The House is tastefully decorated and furnished, having been built for the owner's occupation, and stands 700ft. up, on the crest of a hill though well protected. House contains: 2 halls, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bedrooms, 2 well-fitted bathrooms. Well-arranged domestic offices.

MAIN WATER, ELECTRIC LIGHT, AND HOT-WATER PIPES THROUGHOUT.

Motor-house and good stabling accommodation. Personally inspected and recommended.

For terms apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W. (U 1,265)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

THIS BEAUTIFUL OLD HISTORICAL TUDOR MANSION is now available, Furnished. It stands in a grandly timbered park in a favourite part of Surrey, and contains: banqueting hall with musicians' gallery, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, some 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling accommodation for 10 horses, coach-house, garage for 3 cars; 2 cottages, 3 lodges, etc.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (S 662)

A UNIQUE MANORIAL SPORTING ESTATE

WESTERN COUNTIES.—For SALE, an exceptionally fine RESIDENCE and SPORTING ESTATE of about

1,779 ACRES,

including the above imposing early English Manor House, splendidly situated, 750ft. above sea level, and approached by a finely timbered drive. Briefly, the accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 19 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, etc.; the stabling includes 2 stalls, 3 loose boxes, carriage-house, and 5-roomed coachman's house; the grounds are beautifully laid out, and include a series of lakes, well stocked with trout; excellent shooting.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.

PICTURESQUE AND HISTORIC PART OF BUCKS.

BUCKS (in the most picturesque and historic part of the county, amongst delightfully wooded hills, 400 ft. above sea level, 2 miles from station, with excellent train service to Town).—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, this FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY,

comprising the above most attractive Residence, standing on gravel soil, well away from the road, and approached by a carriage sweep with lodge at entrance. Contains: 8 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom (h. and c.), 2 linen cupboards, principal and secondary staircases, lounge hall with fireplace, library, drawing room, dining room, smoking room or servants' hall, ample domestic offices; the outbuildings are very compact, and include stabling for 4, double coach-house, harness room, with 3 living rooms above; the pleasure grounds are well laid out, and comprise well-grown shrubberies, large tennis and croquet lawns, rose arbour, enclosed garden of over an acre, well sheltered by a plantation of fir trees, 2 hothouses, peach, nectarine and melon houses, capital vinery, tool shed etc., 2 lodges, homestead; the whole Property has an area of about

51 ACRES.

Rent, Furnished, 10 guineas weekly.

For price and further particulars apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,264)

OWNER CALLED ABROAD. £4,000 ONLY; OR WITH 21 ACRES, £2,050.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

To be SOLD, the FREEHOLD of this picturesque old RESIDENCE,

with lands extending to 39 acres, 15 of which are orchards, which form a considerable source of income.

The House stands high, and contains: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, usual domestic offices; excellent water and modern drainage; stabling for 5 horses, coach-house, harness room, cow-stalls, etc.; 2 6-roomed cottages, and numerous outbuildings.

The House is surrounded by extensive lawns and well-timbered grounds; a trout stream abounds the Property.

Hunting with the South Hereford, the Monmouth, and the Ross Harriers.

For further particulars, apply to F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W. (U 1,274)

SALMON AND TROUT FISHING. 54 ACRES CHIEFLY RICH WATER MEADOWS.

IN THE DELIGHTFUL NEIGHBOURHOOD OF TINTERN ABBEY. GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

THE ABOVE CHOICE RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE on the banks of the beautiful Wye, with exclusive rights to 2 miles of the best salmon fishing, to be SOLD or LET. Rent only 270 gns. per annum. The stone-built Mansion stands some 60ft. above the river, and commands most delightful views. It contains: spacious halls, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 4 horses, cottages, numerous farm-buildings; charming pleasure grounds and valuable farmlands of about 54 acres; stone-built boathouse and landing-stage. Price on application.

Agent, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W. (U 1,210)

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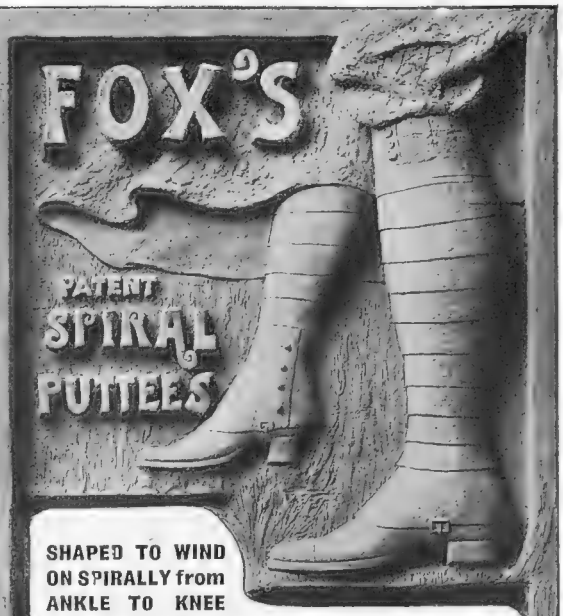

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The Winter Evening Game of Britain and France.

An Excellent Amusement for Evening Parties for any number of players.

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The game is played with four cones, four wooden shovels, and twenty steel balls. To pop the steel balls into the shovels seems easy. Try it!

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WANTED!

EVERY READER OF "THE BYSTANDER" INTERESTED IN NERVE AFFECTIONS OR BRAIN EXHAUSTION (NEURASTHENIA) TO KNOW THAT TWO VALUABLE TREATISES ON "THE BRAIN AND NERVES," AS WELL AS A TRIAL SUPPLY OF ANTINEURASTHIN, NEURASTHENIA'S ONLY ANTIDOTE, WILL BE SENT FREE OF CHARGE.

Every day sees a small army of health pilgrims leaving the shores of Great Britain, clearly demonstrating the powerlessness of our most eminent physicians to aid the sufferers.

Happily, sufferers are now given the opportunity of learning why the newly-discovered "Antineurasthin" treatment never fails.

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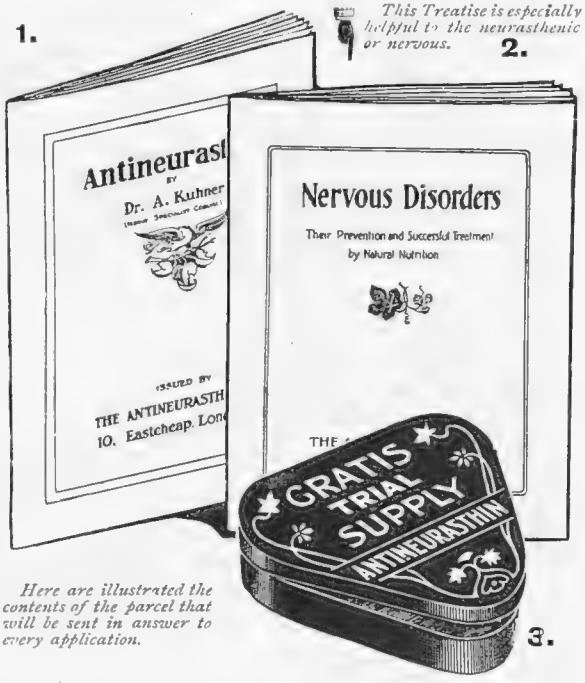
The treatises already referred to contain information which every sufferer should know—in fact, must know, if he (or she) desires to recover nerve and brain health and power.



Here are illustrated the contents of the parcel that will be sent in answer to every application.

The trial supply of "Antineurasthin" itself is amply sufficient to demonstrate that the nerves only need to be fed with it to recover quickly their strength and power.

It is open to readers to discover for themselves how quickly "Antineurasthin" changes nerve weakness to nerve comfort and power. With the restoration of nerve strength the brain, as the chief centre of the nervous system, becomes stronger and more able to fulfil its manifold duties. Nerve-sensitiveness and mental depression—and that lack of energy which is its physically expressed counterpart—fades into nothingness. The sum of strength imparted by "Antineurasthin"—the brain and nerve food—banishes the clouds from mind and body alike, and your whole being will rejoice in the joyous sensations of healthy life.

The two treatises, together with trial supply, can be obtained free from the Antineurasthin Company, 2, Botolph House, Eastcheap, E.C. Two stamps should be sent with application to cover postage.

"Antineurasthin" may be had of the Army and Navy Stores, Boots Cash Chemists, and all leading chemists and stores.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE
DRINK THE
RED WHITE & BLUE
DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.
In making use less quantity it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

"The Luntin Pipe and sneeshin mill
Are handed round wi' right guid will."
—BURNS.

A BLEND OF THE FINEST TOBACCOS IN THREE STRENGTHS.

"LUNTIN" Mixture.

Smokers unable to obtain "Luntin" from their Tobacconist may have a sample posted by sending SIX penny stamps to the Manufacturers—
THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.

FROCKS · FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

The Blouse Tunic

All is not quite barren in the realms of fresh inspiration, after all. There has chanced to cross my line of vision a garment to which the above title has been accorded, and the name is essentially apt and descriptive. This blouse tunic, so far as it has gone at present, seems to be monopolised for the semi-evening toilette, and is mostly fashioned in one of the effective spot nets or gauzes. To all appearance it is comprised of two separate pieces or sides, which are crossed back and front to form a V at the throat, and the fulness is regulated to the figure at the waist by two or three neat corded gaugings. Round all the edges there is carried a hem of satin or velvet, and the sleeves measure the full length of the arm, their fulness drawn in *coquille* form up the back. The tunic takes an artistically uneven line at the hem, the deepest corner reaching somewhere between the knee and the ankle. Such, at least in brief, is the description of this novelty, which has undoubtedly come at an opportune moment to meet the exigencies of quiet home dinners, the accompanying skirt, as will readily be surmised, bearing an unimportant part, the blouse tunic, indeed, advocating the services of any old-standing friend in the *jupe* line.

Photo] **A French Frock for a Little Girl** *[Pirou*

In red and brown or blue-green tartan, with the cape, the frock's distinctive feature, in plain cloth

The Vogue of the Hat with Strings

I do not remember whether I have yet mentioned in these columns this unexpected millinery move in Paris. However, I now come armed with a photograph, a peculiarly faithful representation of what is considered the smartest *chapeau* that is finding its way to the Riviera. Anything more characteristically English one could scarcely wish to find, and, *en passant*, one is led to wonder whether, after all, some latent spirit of inspiration is going to be discovered in us. But here is the hat of the hour, a creation of Amicy, 25, Rue Royale, Paris, in fancy green straw, probably of the Yedda type, the high crown draped with ribbon of the same tone, and a knob of roses in front.

A French Frock for Little Girls' Early Spring Wear

I am not of those, as I have frequently pointed out, who proclaim as perfection everything emanating from the Gay City. And certainly, where children's clothes are concerned, there are several houses in London that easily surpass Paris in refinement of taste, originality of design, and execution. At the same time, when a good thing comes along, as is the case with the accompanying pictured frock, it has to be acknowledged.

From time immemorial tartans have reigned in high esteem with all creators of children's dress abroad, and the little frock in question is so fabricated in one of the red and brown or blue-green mixtures. For the cape, the really distinctive feature of the design, a plain cloth is requisitioned, the fronts held together by a sash of black taffetas and *soutache* motifs, the ends of the former tying at the back in a large *chou*. The combined attractions of simplicity and originality are very marked in the model, which owes its origin to "Fairyland," 12, Rue du Helder.

Shoolbred's Sale, Tottenham Court Road

The opening date for this brisk three-day clearance was Monday, the 18th, and to-day (Wednesday) is the last day. It is always a tearingly busy time, reductions waxing fast and furious towards the end, for that a complete clearance shall be made at any cost and any loss is a law written down in the annals of the house of Shoolbred.

ARE CYCLES LIKE HORSES?

There is something about a thoroughbred Horse which attracts people who know very little about Horses. It carries its breed in its shape, in its action, in every bend and curve of its body.

There is the same sense of quality in the Sunbeam Bicycle. It has two wheels, a handle-bar, a frame, and a saddle the same as the cheapest of Bicycles, but it comes together like the thoroughbred Horse in comparison with a common hack, with a definite note of breed and quality in every detail. Why is this? Because the Sunbeam is built where no low-grade Cycles are bred—it is a real THOROUGHBRED.

J. MARSTON, LTD.—3, Sunbeamland—Wolverhampton, send the 1909 Sunbeam Cycle List free on application.

Telephone: 4262 Mayfair

Papillon

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MOLASSINE DOG CAKES

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ALL KINDS OF DOGS

from the huge St. Bernard to the Toy Terrier.

They keep Dogs in perfect health, with fine coats, a clean skin, and free from worms.

These Dog Cakes contain health-giving properties possessed by no other Cakes.

If your Grocer or Corn Merchant does not stock them, write to

THE MOLASSINE COMPANY, Ltd.,
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Have you seen the *Molassine World*? The subscription is only 1/6 per annum, post free.

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LINENS & DAMASKS	In our own renowned designs, some only lately off the looms. Odd lots of Sheets, Pillow-Cases, Towels, &c.
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ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd., Manufacturers to H.M. THE KING,
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Country hats & caps.

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The Lancet describes it as "Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."

BENGER'S

Food for Infants, Invalids, and the Aged.

Benger's Food can be enjoyed and assimilated when other foods disagree. It forms a delicate and highly nutritive cream, rich in all the elements necessary to maintain vigorous health, but entirely free from rough and indigestible particles, which often produce irritation in delicate stomachs.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by chemists, etc., everywhere.

Photo *Pirou*

The Hat of the Hour

A characteristically English design which is the smartest *chapeau* now finding its way to the Riviera

It is most necessary, however, to record the presence of some long tweed motoring coats, exceptionally well cut, lined with grey squirrel and finished with an opossum revers collar, reduced to £3 10*s*; also some capital tweed and blanket coats, unlined, at 18*s*. 6*d*. Smart evening wraps start at the incredibly low price of 25*s*. 6*d*., mostly in delicate pastel shades.

There is a simply amazing bargain in the shape of a Directoire cloth gown, ornamented with satin tubing and buttons, and tucked net chemisette, only 55*s*. 6*d*., and then a number of excellent tweed coat and skirt costumes, 49*s*. 6*d*.

All the furs are appreciably reduced, mole ties commencing at half a guinea and grey squirrel at 15*s*. In the furniture, again, there are some unique opportunities, as, for example, a Sheraton sideboard, with cupboard and drawer, for £6 5*s*.; a charming bedroom suite in light oak for £5 10*s*., this including a wardrobe with mirror, which, for convenience of speedy identification, is placed under the No. 9030*n*; a host of mahogany tea-tables, No. 623*i*, are obtainable for 30*s*., wonderful value; while there are easy chairs from 33*s*. 6*d*.

Madame Roberts

I have been requested to state that Madame Roberts, whose talented inspirations in the way of millinery, etc., are familiar to most of my readers, has been honoured by orders from H.M. Queen Alexandra, H.M. Queen Maud of Norway, Princess Victoria, and others.

It is also of interest to learn that this eminently talented lady, who has taken the professional pseudonym of Madame Roberts, is really Mrs. Cunliffe Owen (daughter of Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, K.C.M.G., for many years Director of South Kensington Museum), who, through unforeseen misfortunes, has been compelled to join the ranks of Society milliners and dressmakers.

The Menu: SOME VEGETARIAN DISHES

Cream of Artichokes
Risotto à la Milanaise
Macaroni à la Napolitaine
Corn Rissoles
Cheese Soufflé au Parmesan
Carrot Moulds

Cream of Artichokes

Boil 1lb. of artichokes until quite tender, then pass them through a sieve. Make a custard with half a pint of milk and the yolks of four eggs, pepper and salt. Whisk up the white of one egg, and whisk this into the custard; mix it with the artichoke, and place all in a well-buttered mould and steam for an hour. Serve hot with anchovy sauce, or set the mould on ice, and when quite cold turn it out on to a dish, and serve with iced mayonnaise of Hollandaise sauce.

Risotto à la Milanaise

Fry 3oz. of chopped onion in 2oz. of butter until a golden brown colour, then add 6oz. of rice, stir, without stopping, for two or three minutes, add by degrees one pint of stock, stir occasionally, and simmer gently until the rice is just soft; add a very small amount of grated nutmeg and 1½oz. of grated cheese before the rice is cooked; after this, stir and cook for three or four minutes until the rice is quite soft. Take off the pan, add a small pat of butter, stir well, and serve very hot.

Macaroni à la Napolitaine

Boil 3oz. of macaroni in boiling salted water for from twenty to thirty minutes. After having drained it, put it back into the pan, and stir into it 1oz. of finely grated cheese, 1oz. of butter, and half a pint of tomato purée. Mix well, and serve very hot piled on a dish.

TOMATO PURÉE.—Cut six medium-sized tomatoes into slices, and put them in an enamelled saucepan, add 1oz. of butter, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and a tiny pinch of cayenne. Pour over one pint of stock. Boil until quite soft, and then pass through a sieve, add 1oz. of anchovy essence, thicken with ½oz. of butter and ½oz. of flour, previously mixed together in another pan with some of the tomato mixture. Stir over the fire until the sauce thickens, and it is then ready for use.

Corn Rissoles

Turn out a tin of cooked corn, and beat into it 3oz. of finely grated cheese, and leave until set. Form into rissoles, egg and breadcrumb, and fry in boiling fat. Serve very hot, garnished with fried parsley.

Cheese Soufflé au Parmesan

Mix one teaspoonful of flour very smoothly with half a pint of milk and a little salt and pepper; simmer the mixture over the fire, stirring all the time, till it is as thick as melted butter; stir into this 8oz. of Parmesan or Cheddar cheese; turn it into a basin, and mix with the yolks of four well-beaten eggs. Whisk the whites to a stiff froth, and just before the soufflé is baked put them into it, and pour the mixture into a soufflé dish, which should only be half filled. Bake from twenty minutes to half an hour.

Carrot Moulds

Boil some carrots till soft, then chop them finely, and mix them with butter, pepper, and salt. Well grease some small casserole cups, and fill them with the carrot, let them get hot by placing the cups in a saucepan of water; turn out, and put a little chopped parsley on the top of each mould. These look very nice, and can be used for garnishing.

EMILIA.

Are YOUR Pots and Pans taking

MONKEY BRAND

after Meals?

For Cooking Utensils, Knives and Forks, Crockery and Enamel.

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

M.4.

BENJAMIN BROOKE & CO., Ltd.

The Editor's Box

"Snowed Up"

When we sit in comfort by the fireside and read of railway passengers being snowed up in a cutting for twenty hours, we are apt to treat the matter more lightly than the actual event would warrant. It is an experience that may have its interesting side, but which one would not care to have repeated. On the Glasgow and South Western Railway this actually happened recently, and but for the kindness and consideration of the railway officials, the lot of the travellers would have been very hard indeed. No effort on their part was spared to make the passengers as comfortable as the unenviable circumstances would permit. Bovril was served to all at intervals, and everything possible was done to render the situation agreeable until the trains were able to proceed.

Winter Sports at Chamonix

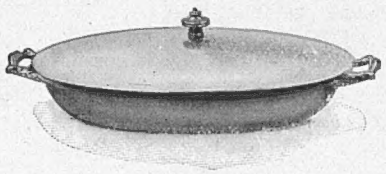
In connection with the great winter sports week at Chamonix (Mont Blanc) from the 22nd to the 30th inst., when competitions, carnivals, etc., arranged by the leading clubs, will take place, cheap excursion tickets will be in issue by certain services from London to Chamonix by the short sea and mail routes *via* Dover and Calais, and *via* Folkestone and Boulogne, at the low return fares of £6 6*s*. 7*d*. first and £4 5*s*. 9*d*. second-class. Full details can be obtained from the S.E. and C. Railway's Inquiry Offices at Charing Cross or Victoria Stations, or from the P.L.M. Railway's offices at 179 and 180, Piccadilly, W.

"Ideal" Riding Breeches

The name of Harry Hall, of 205, Oxford Street, W., and 21-31, Eldon Street, E.C., is now identified throughout the whole of the sporting world, both at home and abroad, with the firm's "Ideal" 21*s*. Riding Breeches, which are acknowledged by army officers, sportsmen, and those who know, to be the best value and fit in breeches obtainable. On a recent visit to the firm we were astonished to find they had supplied over 7,000 pairs during the last twelve months. Quite half of these were made for clients in the country and abroad from measures supplied by using Messrs. Harry Hall's Simple Self-Measurement Forms. One customer, whose letter we were shown, wrote as follows: "The breeches fit perfectly. You are simply a marvel at breeches-making—without fitting on.—S. J. F., Swanage, Dec. 8, 1908." We feel we cannot do better than strongly advise any of our readers requiring perfect fitting breeches to pay Messrs. Harry Hall a visit, or write for a range of the firm's patterns.

A Useful Entrée Dish

In Bond Street the other day the writer saw an exceedingly beautiful entrée dish at a very moderate price. These dishes, which are made in copper



A Useful Entree Dish
Seen at W. A. S. Benson's, 82, New Bond Street

and electro-plate, and are lined with a patent porcelain which is not affected by heat, and will not be scratched by knife or fork, are a speciality of Messrs. W. A. S. Benson, well known for the beauty of the home appointments that they sell. A more suitable present for friends at home or away from home cannot well be imagined, the life of a gift of this class, even when in daily use, being practically everlasting. Our readers may obtain further particulars by writing or calling at 82, New Bond Street, W.

Solitaire Pop in Taw

The authorised rules of the game make no mention of Solitaire Pop-in-Taw, which, to our thinking, is far and away a better game for a lonely person than any variety of Patience. The game itself has infinite varieties, and solitaire playing is excellent practice, not only for ordinary play, but for friendly matches and tournaments, which are bound to follow in its train. Yet some may ask, "What is Solitaire Pop in Taw?" We answer, naturally, that there are many ways of playing, and some of these we will now indicate: (1) *Making a Break*—This idea is suggested by billiards. Proceed by yourself with the four cones, twenty steel balls, and one shovel, and see how many steelies you can pop into the cones one at a time, in succession, without dropping one. Amateurs think five or eight good, but we know of one amateur with a record of twenty-seven, and have heard of a demonstrator at Whiteley's scoring fifty-eight. (2) *Filling the Cones*—Take the twenty steelies, and, having placed the four cones in a row, see how many strokes of the shovel it takes you to get five steelies in each of the cones. Of course, the experts we have referred to can do it in twenty. We think twenty-eight or thirty good for a beginner. (3) *Popping Several Cones at Once*—See how many steelies you can hold on the shovel, and place in the cones before dropping them. We know of a demonstrator who took up six balls at once and placed them one after another in the cones without a drop. This is a difficult feat. (4) *Best Out of Twenty*—See how many balls out of the twenty you can pop. One stroke to each ball is allowed, and you will not find it easy to get, say, fifteen out of that twenty into the cones.

Mansion House Ball

The photograph we published last week of the little coryphée at the Lord Mayor's Fancy Dress Ball was given as that of Miss P. Curmick. We understand, however, that the name should have been Miss G. Curnock.

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—*Lancet.*

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